



A
DISCOURSE
of CONSTANCY
In 2. Bookes

Written in Latin by IVST. LIPSIVS
Englished by R.G.



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Manuscript copy

A DISCOURSE
OF
CONSTANCY:

In Two Books.

Written in Latin by
IUSTVS LIPSIVS.

Boethius de Consol. Phil. Lib. 2.

*Rara si constat sua forma mundo,
Si tantas Variat Vices;*

*Crede fortunis hominum caducis,
Bonis crede fugacibus.*

*Constat, æternâ positumque lege est,
Vt constet genitum nihil.*

LONDON,

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**A DISCOURSE OF
CONSTANT**

OF THE
BRANCH OF THE
UNION
The First Book
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
CHAP. I.
NEW YORK.

*The Preface and Introduction. A Com-
plaint of the Netherland Civill Wars.*

SOME few yeares past, taking my
Journey to *Vienna in Austria*, to a-
void the troubles of my Country,
I declin'd (God so directing
me,) to *Liege*; it being not farre
out of my way; and that Service
and Affection which I owed to some Friends
there inviting me. Amongst whom was *Carolus
Langius*; a man (I speak ingenuously, and with-
out any Design,) the Best, and Learnedst a-
mong the *Netherlanders* : with whom my Enter-
tainment was not onely better'd by all the Ad-
vantages of Bounty, & Courtesie; but was also ac-
companied with such Discourses, as will benefit,
and availle Me for ever. For he was the man
that first open'd my Eyes, by withdrawing from
them the Mist of *Common Opinions*. He it was

B

that

that shewed me the way, by which, without any turnings, I might arrive at (to speak with Lucretius,)

Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serenâ :

The Temples of the Wise,

Which from fam'd Learning rise.

For, walking with him one afternoone (the weather being extream hot; for 'twas about the end of June) in the Court of his house, He fell to discourse with me about my Journey, enquiring for what Reasons I had undertaken it. I told him freely, and truly, of the Calamities of the *Netherlands*, of the insolence of the Officers and Souldiers; and, that though I had pretended other Reasons, yet this was the maine, and most Present Cause of my departing. For, who (said I) can be of so hard and enduring a Temper, as to be able any longer to hold out under these Miseries? These many years you have seen how we have been expos'd to the Rage of Civill Warres: and as in a Tempestuous Sea, 'tis not from One Point onely, that these stormes of Trouble and Sedition are let in upon us. Is't Quiet, and Retirednesse that I would enjoy? the Trumpet interrupts it. Is't the pleasure of Gardens, or the Country? the Barbarous Souldier forces me to this City. I am resolved therefore, *Langius*, abandoning these Cruell and unhappy Regions, (may the Genius of my Country pardon Me!) *γλῶσσι γῆς*, to change Land for Land, (as one said) and to fly any whither, *ubi nec Pelopidarum facta, neque nomen audiam.*

Where

Where th' Deeds of Pelops Race I nere,
 Nor their abhorred Name, shall hear.

Langius wondering, and something moved
 with what I said, Do you resolve then to part
 from us, *Lippius*? said he. From you, (I re-
 ply'd,) or from my life. For, what other Re-
 fuge is there against these Mischiefs, but an es-
 cape from them? It being impossible, unlesse
 our breasts had contracted the same hardnesse
 with theirs that plague us, to dwell among
 such Calamities, and endure them. *Langius*
 sighing, Infirm young man! (said He) What
 weaknesse is this in you? and how false is that
 your Opinion, which places your safety only in
 Flight? Your Country is troubled; I confesse
 it: And what part of Europe is not? that you
 may justly suspect with *Aristophanes*.

— τα δ' ἰσχυρὰ νικτὲς ἴστω
 Ζεὺς ὑψιστάτος.

The Thunderer each highest thing
 Shall down beneath the lowest bring.

'Tis not your Country then, *Lippius*, that is to
 be forsaken; but your Affections; and your Mind
 is to be so resolv'd, and assur'd here, that you
 may enjoy Rest among Troubles, and Peace in
 the mid'st of Warre. No, said I, (very confident-
 ly) Wee are quite to desert them, *Langius*: for
 certainly those Evills which we only hear of,
 leave a fainter Impression in the Mind, then
 those we see: And besides, wee shall then be
 out of the reach of danger, and remov'd out

of the Dust, which this stirre raises. You do not hear *Homers* Counsell.

Ἐκ βελών, μὴ πῦρ πρὶ ἐλκὺ ἔλκεθ' ὀφείτω.

From amidst the weapons flee,
Least thy clos'd wound open'd be.

CHAP. II.

*Travail reaches not Internall Diseases;
'tis a Discovery, but not a Cure; unless
in Slight Distempers; or in the Begin-
ning of a Disease.*

LAngins shaking his head, yes, (said he,) I hear him; I would you would rather hear the voice of *Wisdom*e, and *Reason*. For, these Clouds and Mists, that overshadow and darken you, are rais'd from *Opinion*: and therefore I must say with *Diogenes*; you have need, ἄλγος, ἢ βελχῶ, of *Reason*, not a *Halter*; that Ray, I mean, which may inlighten and pierce through the Darknesse of your *Understanding*. You are now leaving your *Country*: But, tell me, can you by forsaking *That*, leave your self too? Or doe you not rather carry along within you the *Fountain*e, and *Supply* of your *Evills*? As those that are in a *Feaver*, quietly turn and skift themselves from one side to the other, and falsely think any *Change* of the present Posture they lye in, a *Remedy*: So wee, whose *Minds* are disca's'd, doe in vain remove our selves from *One* *Country* to *Another*. This is, to *Complain* onely, and tell wee are *sick*: not to *remedy* it; to *confesse* our inward
Heat

Heat, but not allay it. Seneca said Elegantly: *Proprium est agri nihil diu pati, & mutationibus ut remedium uti. Inde peregrinationes suscipiuntur vage, & littora pererrantur, & modo mari se, modo terrâ experitur, presentibus semper infesta, levitas.* 'Tis the Property of sick men to tarry under no one thing long; and to use Mutations as Remedies. This is it makes 'em seek other Countries, and Forraign Coasts; Now on the Land, now at Sea: their Unquiet Levity being a constant Enemy to their Present, Suspected Condition. Thus you, though you still decline your Ills, you ne're escape them; as that Hart Virgil speaks of,

*Quam procul incautam nemora inter Cressia fixit
Pastor agens telis :*

*—— illa fugâ silvæ, saltusque peragrat
Diſtæos. ——*

(stood,
Whom the swaines Dart where she at distance
Fearless, surpris'd amidst the Cressian woods.
She flies through Groves, and the Diſtæan
But in vain. (Lawnes:

—— heret lateri lethalis arundo.

For in her side the deadly Reed remains.

So you, that are pierc'd through with these Darts of your Affections, do not shake them out by your Travail, but only carry off your Wounds to another place. He that hath broke his Arme, or his Leg, does not call for a Horse, or a Coach, but a Surgeon. And what a vain thing is it in you to think to ease, and cure this your inward wound with Motion and Travail? 'Tis your soul that is sick; and this Externall Dejection, Despair, and Languishment comes from thence, because your Mind is so affected. The Divine and

Commanding Part within you hath cast downe his Scepter, and is unworthily shrunke to that *Meannesse*, that he willingly obeys his *Subjects*. What good will a *Journey*, or a *strange place* doe here? Unless there be any *Region* that can support and encourage *Fear*; discountenance and undo our *Hopes*; and draw out this *Corruption* of Vices, which is so deeply settled in us. But ther's none such! No not in those fayn'd *Islands* of the *Blessed*: If there be any One, tell us; and wee'll all thither.

But, you will say, the very *Travelling* it selfe hath this *Power*, and the daily *New Objects*, of other *Customes*, Men, and Places can *refresh* and lift up the *Over-charg'd* mind: But 'tis not so. For, (to inform you fully) I do not so reject *Travail*, as if it had no *Power* at all over our *Affections*: I confesse, It hath some; but 'tis such a *Power* that can rectifie onely some *slight Alterations*, and, as it were, *Qualmes* of the *Mind*; but not those *settled* and *Confirm'd* Diseases that have taken fast hold *within*, and so are *beyond*, and out of the *reach* and *Activity* of these *External Applications*. Musick, Wine, and Sleep have oftentimes compos'd the *first* *Commotions* and risings of *Anger*, *Grief*, and *Love*; but never those *Passions* that are more *fix'd*, and longer acquainted with our *Temper*. 'Tis the same here: *Travell* may remove some *slight Impressions*; not *Great*, and *True* ones. For, those *first Motions* have their beginning from the *Body*, and continue, after a sort, yet in it; or at least are but (as I may say) in the *Outside* of the *Soul*; so that it's no wonder if a *gentle sponge* wipe them out: Which cannot yet so do away those *Inveterate Affections*, which have plac'd their *Seate*, nay their *Throne*, in the *inward Mind* of the *Mind*.

So

Book I. *Of Constancy.* 7

So that when you have wandred far, and long,
when you have compass'd all the *Earth* and the
Sea, no *Water* shall e're wash them out, nor no
Earth cover them: they will still pursue thee, and
(to speak with the *Poet*,) *post peditem, equitemque*
sedebit atra cura:

Thy flying Steps shall be pursu'd by Care,
Whither or swifter they, or slower are.

Socrates being asked by a *Traveller*, what
might be the Reason why his Travell had not
better'd him, answered; Because thou never yet
went'st from thy self. I must say the like here:
where ever thou flyest, thou wilt take along with
thee thy Corrupted, and Corrupting Soul for a
Companion: and I wish 'twere but thy Com-
panion. I feare It may be rather call'd thy
Guide and Leader: for thy Affections will not
follow, but command thee.

CHAP. III.

But the true Maladies of the Soul are
neither taken off, nor lessen'd; but in-
tended rather: 'Tis our Soul that's
diseased; Whose Remedies must be
sought from Wisdome, and Con-
stancy.

YOU will say then, but does not Travell di-
vide, and bring us off from our *True Evills*
too? Do not those various Prospects of
Fields, Rivers, and Mountaines, take up our
B 4 *Thoughts,*

Thoughts, and call us out to the only Contemplation of Them; & so couſen, and betray away our Grievs? That they ſomething eaſe, and abate them, I grant; but neither ſurely, nor long. As the eye does not Conſtantly dwell upon any Picture, though never ſo Excellent; ſo the Variety of Objects may, by their unuſualneſſe, awhile delight us, but not Ever: This is ſome Remove, and a kinde of ſtarts from our Evills; but not an Escape: and wee may ſay, Travell does ſlacken, and remit the Chain; but not undo it. What will it advantage me, if a while I enjoy the Light, to be preſently pent up, in a cloſer Dungeon? 'Tis ſo here: Theſe External Pleaſures beguile the Soul; and under pretence of Curing, hurt more. As weak, unable Medecines doe not draw out the Noxious Humors, but only ſtirre them; ſo theſe unſatisfactory, pretending Delights, do more irritate, and increaſe in us the Cauſes of our Deſires. For, the ſoul is not long a ſtranger to it ſelfe, but is again, ſpeedily recall'd to its former Society of Evills. Thoſe very Townes, and Places, which you ſee elſewhere, will remember you of your Own Country; and, in the miſt of your Pleaſures, you ſhall ſee, or hear ſomething, that will ſtrike upon the ſenſe of your Evills, and ſo return them to you. Or if you are fully quiet a while, 'twill be but like ſome ſhort ſlumber, which ſhall preſently forſake you, and you again ſhall awake into your Diſeaſe. For Deſires delay'd, and put off, encrease, and returne with greater Fury.

Do not think then, *Lipſius*, of theſe Poſſons, and not Remedies; but admit the true ones: Change not your *Aire*, or your Country, but your *Mind*, which you have ſubjected to your Affections, and withdrawn from it's lawfull Commander, *Reaſon*.

son. 'Tis from It, thus Corrupted, that all your Ills proceed: 'tis It you must shift, and not your Country; and be, (not in another place, but) another. You desire now to see fertile *Pannonia*; faithfull, and strong *Vienna*, and the chief of Rivers, *Danubius*; and those *New Wonders*, which suspend the Hearers. But how much better would it be, if this desire of yours pointed at *Wisdom*; that you might penetrate her fruitfull, and abundant Fields; to enquire out the Fountaines, and Originalls of *Humane Passions*; if you would raise up Fortresses, to resist the Assaults of your *Affections*. For, these are the onely Remedies of your Disease; those other are but as *Lenitives*, and *Fomentations*; the deceits only, and *Counterfets* of a Cure. Your Journey will nothing profit you; Nothing

— *evasisse tot urbes*

Argolicas, mediosque fugam tenuisse per hostes:

(have gone,

Through th' numerous *Grecian* Cities to
And midst their Armies your safe flight held

(on:

You shall find your Danger still with you, safely kept, and laid up (and with that he strook my Breast) in that Closet. To what purpose then will it be, to come where Peace is, when you have a *Warre within you*? For that divided, and factious Mind of yours will be alwaies desiring, and avoiding; Hoping, and Despairing: And as they, who for fear turne their backs, are the more expos'd to Danger, being unarm'd, and unaware of it. So are they, who do not resist, but flie from their Affections. But thou, young man, if thou wilt obey me, shalt stand; and Resolvedly abide thine Enemy; a-

gainst whom, Constancy will best enable thee.
For, some have been Conquerous by fighting;
None ever yet by running away.

CHAP. IV.

*The Definitions of Constancy, Patience,
and Right Reason. How Pervicacy
differs from Constancy; and Abjection
from Patience.*

BEing something taken with this discourse
of *Langius*; I acknowledge, said I, the worth,
and Excellency of your Instructions; and
I already endeavour to raise my self, and look
up; but find no more Power to perform it, then
they have, who are *burden'd* in their *sleep*, and
would free themselves from it. For, the Mis-
ery of my Country still *loades* Mee; and the
Publick, and Private Calamities of it are al-
waies present with Me. If you are able therefore,
chace away these pernicious *Birds*, which thus
wound Mee; and break off these Bonds, with
which I am tamely bound to this *Caucasus*.

Langius with a cheerfull countenance, I will
release you, said he; and, like another *Hercules*;
I will enlarge this *Prometheus*: Onely be atten-
tive to what I say.

I have call'd you to Constancy, *Lipsius*; and in-
Her have plac'd the hope, and defence of your
Peace: which Constancy I call, A *steddy* and up-
right strength of the soul; neither lifted up by Ex-
ternall and Accidental Occurrences, nor depress'd.

By

By *Strength*, I understand a *Firmnesse*, & *Stability*, deriv'd to the Soul, not from *Opinion*, but from *Judgement*, and *Right Reason*: from which we must exclude *Fervicacy*; or, if you may better call it, *Pertinacy*; which also is the strength of an *Obstinate Mind*, proceeding from the *Wind of Pride*, and *vain Glory*, and is an *Extream* on one *Part*. For those *Confident*, and *swelling Minds* may easily be lifted up, but hardly depress'd. For as a *Bladder* blown up will scarce be forc'd to sinke, but will swim of its own accord; so will their proud, empty *Stubbornesse*; whose *Originall* is, as I said, from *Pride*, and too high a *Regard* of themselves, and therefore from *Opinion*. But the true parent of *Constancy* is *Patience*, and a *Demission* of the *Mind*; which I define to be, *A Voluntary, Calm Submission* to all things which do happen, and fall upon us, from any *Agent*. Which, proceeding from *Right Reason*, is the only *Root* from which the height of this beautifull, and unmov'd strength, and station of the Soul is rais'd up. But take heed, least *Opinion* couzen you here too, and; in stead of *Patience*, present you with an *Abjection*, and *Deadnesse* of the Soul; which is a *Vice*, proceeding from too cheap and mean an esteem of a Mans self: But *Virtue* goes in the *Mid-way*, and warily provides, that It's Actions neither fail, nor exceed; still approving, and knowing them, by the balance of *Reason*; applying them to that, as to a *Rule*, and *Touchstone*: Which *Reason* I define to be, *A true Judgement, and Perception* (as far as they concern us) of *Divine, and Humane things*: *Opinion* is contrary; viz. *An Idle, and False Judgement of Them*.

CHAP. V.

The Originalls of Reason and Opinion: The Power, and Effects of Each. That leads to Constancy; This, to Levity.

AND because from these two Heads, of Reason, and Opinion, not onely the *Strengths*, and *Infirmities* of the *Soul*, are deriv'd; but also all the Right, and Oblique Actions of our Life; I think it fitting to speak something of Eithers Nature and Originall: that, as Wooll, before it receive it's best and purest die, is prepar'd, and (as it were) season'd with other colours; so may your Mind be fitted, by a Preceding Discourse, throughly to take in the last Purple of Constancy.

There are therefore in Man (which you are not ignorant of) two Parts; the *Soul*, and the *Body*: the *Soul*, the *Nobler* part; which answers the *Aire*, and the *Fire*; the *Body*, the *Unworthier* Part; which represents the *Earth*. These two are united together, but with a certain *Complaining*, forc'd Concord; (as when Rule, and Subjection are our quarrell;) for Each would command, and That chiefly, which ought least. The *Earth* would ascend above it's *Fire*; and the *Body* presse down the *Spirit*. Hence are those *faſſions* in Man, those Sidings, and as it were Skirmishes of different Parties; whose Leaders are, Reason, and Opinion: That fights for the *Soul*, and in the *Soul*; This other for the *Body*, and in It. The Originall, and Descent of Reason.

Reason is from Heaven, nay from God : and therefore Seneca well calls it, *Partem in homine Divini spiritus mersam* : A Ray of the Divine Spirit immers'd in Man. For this is that Supreme, High, and subtile Power of Understanding, and Judging; which, as the Soul is the Perfection of the Man, so, is that, of the Soul. The Greeks call it *Nûs*; the Latines, *Mens*, the Mind; or in two words, *Animi Mens*, the Mind of the Soul. For you are not to conceive, that the whole Soul is Right Reason; but onely that in It, which is Uniform, Simple, Unmix'd, Separate, and cleans'd from all Dregs and Corruption; and That onely, (to speak in a word) which is Heavenly, and Spiritual. For the Soul, though she be tainted, and infected with the spots, and Commerce of the Body, and the Contagion of the Senses, hath yet safely lay'd up, and retir'd in her, some Evidences, and Remaines of her Original; and we may easily discover, and acknowledge some sparks of her Primitive, Vncorrupt, fire. Hence are those stings of Conscience, even in lost, perishing men; hence those inward scourges, and Agonies of the Mind; hence the Approbation of a better life, unwillingly extorted, and constrain'd from contrary Practices. For this sounder, and holier part of ours may be trampled on, and kept under, but ne're destroy'd; and this beautiful, Clear Flame may be rak'd up, but cannot be extinguish'd. For these sparks will alwaies shine, and break out again, to enlighten us among these shades, cleanse us from these stains, guide us in our Wandrings, and to lead us on to Constancy, and Virtue. And as the Heliotropium, and other Flowers, do Naturally turn to the Sun; so Reason alwaies beholds God, and It's Original; stiddy, and unmov'd in that which is Good;

appro-

approving one and the same thing ; and shunning, and avoiding the same things; the Fountain , and beginning of *Right Counsell* and *Judgement*; to Obey which, is to *Rule*; and to be subject to *It* , is to be above , and have *Dominion* over all Humane things. For who ere harkens to her, hath subdued his *Affections*, and crush'd all those rebellious *Motions*, and struglings in his Soul : who ere follows this *Clew*, shall be faithfully directed, through all the *Labyrinths*, and *Errors* of his life. God himself approacheth us by this *his Image* ; Nay, which is nearer , he comes in to us : And therefore he (who ere he was) said well, *Bona mens sine Deo nulla est* ; No *Good Mind* is without God.

But that Other unsound Part, I mean, *Opinion* , hath its Originall from the Body; that is, from the *Earth* ; and therefore relishes nothing, but *It*. And as the Body, though , consider'd by it self, be senselesse, and Immoveable, is yet quickned by the Soul, and from it borrows Life and Motion : So in like manner the Body represents, and lets in the *Images* of things to the Soul , by the *Organs* of the *Senses*; so that there is a certain Society, and Commerce established between the Soul and the Body ; but such a one , as redounds to the disadvantage of the Soul. For by it , she by degrees is brought down, and lessen'd from her own due height, and made familiar with the *senses* : and from this Impure Mixture is *Opinion* born; which is nought else, but the shadow, and Counterfeit of *Reason* : whose seat is in the *Senses*; it's Originall from the *Earth*; and therefore fixes it self there, never aspiring to any thing Heavenly, and Above. She is one too; uncertain, deceitfull, ill counselling , and judging ; despoyling the Mind of Constancy, and

Verity :

Verity: to day she *desires* this thing, and to morrow *rejects* it. This she *allows*; and this same again she *condemnes*; forsaking the Direction of true *Judgement*, and applying her self wholly to *satisfie* the *Desires* of the *Body*, and the *Senses*. And as the Eye, looking through a Mist, or Water, gives a false account of the Object; so does the Mind falsely judge of those things, which she beholds through the Cloud of Opinion: which Opinion, if we examine truly, is the Originall of all the Evills that befall Man. This is the Author of our Vnsetled, Perplex'd lives; 'tis from this, that *Cares* struggle with us, that *Affections* distract us, that *Vices* command us. Therefore, as they, who would free their City from a Tyranny, do first of all raze the Fort, and *Strength* of the Tyrant; so must wee, that would returne to the Obedience of a Good Mind, destroy this Hold of Opinions: For otherwise we shall alwaies waver together with Them; uncertain, complaining, unquiet, upright neither to God, nor Man. And as a ship, without it's due burden, gives it self over to the command of every Wind; so does That Mind, which the Weight, and ballast of Reason hath not poys'd, and assur'd.

CHAP. VI.

*The praise of Constancy: and a serious
Exhortation to pursue it.*

LEvity then you see, *Lipsius*, is the Companion of Opinion; whose property is alwaies to repent, and give over: But the Assistant of Reason is Constancy; which I earnestly advise you to put on. Why do you run after Vain, Outward helps? This is that onely *Helen* which will afford you that true *Nepenthe*, in which all sense, and Memory of your afflictions shall be swallow'd up: which when you have once taken in, you shall stand high and erect, against every Fortune; abiding all chances with the same, equal appearance; not, as you were plac'd in a Scale, inclining sometimes to this side, and again to the other; But you shall challenge to your self, and call your own, that Great, and near Property to God, *Not to be moved*. Have not you observ'd in the Impresses of some Princes that high, and envi'd Motto; *Nec spe, nec Metu*, without Hope, or Fear? This shall be thine; who art truly a King, and truly Free; who being quitted, and enlarg'd from the yoke of Fortune, and thine own Affections, shalt be subjeect onely to God. And as some Rivers are said to pass through the midst of the Sea, and deliver up again their own Waters, without any Mixture, into their proper Channel: so shalt thou passe, unconcern'd, through these Waves that compass thee in, and shalt contract no Tincture, or saltnesse.

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Saltnesse from out this *Sea of Miseries*. Dost thou fall? *Constancy* shall lift thee up. Dost thou stagger? She shall sustain thee. Doth *dispair* seaze thee? She shall comfort thee, and snatch thee from the *Gate of Death*: Do thou onely shunne these Rocks, and endeavour thy Course to *this Haven*; where *security* and *Peace* dwell; which is *Sacred*, against *Troubles*, and *Cares*: which if you once safely recover, though thy Country be not onely *shaken*, but *ruin'd*, Thou shalt stand, *after*: Let the *Clouds*, *Tempests*, and *Thunders* fall round about thee, thou shalt cry with a *Great*, and a *True Voice*,

—— *mediis tranquillis in undis.*

Midst the rough, impatient wave,
I a Calme and smoothnesse have.

CHAP. VII.

What it is, and how manifold, that assailes Constancy; viz. Externall good, and Ill. Those Ills are twofold; Publick and Private. Publick the heavier, and more dangerous.

WHEN *Langius* had spoken this, with a *Voyce*, and countenance more Earnest, then he had us'd; Me thought some spark of that good Fire seaz'd upon me: so that, my Father, said I, (I call you truly so, not fainedly,) leade me whither you will; instruct, correct, and direct me: you have a Patient, submitting.

mitting to any Cure, whither you *Lance*, or *Cauterize*. I must do both, answer'd *Langius*: for, in some places the stubble of vain Opinions is to be burnt up; and, in others, the *Plants*, and *Issues* of your Affections are to be cut by the roots. But shall we walk, said he; or, had you rather sit? sit, said I; for I begin to be very hot, and that for diverse reasons. The seats being plac'd, *Langius*, turning towards me, thus began.

Hitherto *Lippius* (said he) I have laid the Foundations, upon which the rest of my Discourse may safely, and fitly be rais'd: Now, if you will, I will come nearer to you, and enquire out the Causes of your Trouble, and (as they say) search your wound. There are two Enemies which attempt our Constancy, *False Goods*, and *false Ills*; both which I thus define: Which are not in us, but about us; and which, properly, do neither hurt, nor advantage this our Inward Man, that is, our Soul. And therefore I will not call them good, or ill, as if they were so Absolutely and simply; but onely from Opinion, and the common mistake of the People. Amongst the First they ranke *Riches, Honours, Power, Health, long life*: among the last, *Poverty, Infamy, Impotence, Diseases, Death*; and in a word what ever else is *Accidental*, and *External*. From these two stocks those four chief Affections grow up, which perplex, and disturbe our whole life; *Desire*, and *Joy*; *Fear*, and *Grief*. The two first respect a Suppos'd Good, and are thence derived: the two last respect Ill. Either of these trouble, and disquiet the Soul, and, without Circumspection, force it from it's station; but they do it by diverse meanes. For when the *Peace*, and *Constancy* of the Soul is settled, as in an Equally-poys'd, and quiet Scale, the first Affections break
this

this *Equability*, by raising it up; the second, by depressing it.

But *false goods*, which raise the ballance, I shall omit; that is not your disease; I come to *false evils*: And they are of two kinds, *Publick* or *Private*. I call those *Publick*, the sense of which does, at one and the same time, pertain to many: and those *Private*, which seize upon particular Men. Among the first, I reckon *Warre*, *Pestilence*, *Famine*, *Tyranny*, *Slaughters*, and all other Evils which are in *Common*, and abroad. Among the second I reckon *Paine*, *Poverty*, *Infamy*, *Death*, or whatsoever *Calamity* singles out any one Man, or may be shut up within one *Family*. The Reason why I distinguish these Ills is, because hee that laments the misery of his *Country*, the *Banishment*, and *Destruction* of *Many*, does do it after another manner, and with another sense of the Evil, then he that grieves for his own. Adde to this, that from both of them proceed different distempers; but Greater from the first kind; I am sure more stubborn ones, and harder to be remov'd. For, most of us have an Interest in *Publick Dangers*; either because they break violently in upon us, and charge us (as it were) in a full body; or else, because in our apprehension of them, they deceive, and couzen our Judgment, by giving specious Titles to that Griefe which we submit to; and so the disease secretly, and unawares spreads over our Soules. For wee see, that whosoever yields himself up to his own *Private Grief*, must presently acknowledge that grief to be a *Weaknesse* in him: for how can he justifie himself in it? But whosoever is dejected with the *Calamities* of his *Country*, does not stifle this his weaknesse, but openly proclames his grief, and holds it out to be seen,
and

and taken notice of as some *Virtue* in him: 'tis in him presently call'd *Piety*, and *Commiseration*; and this *Publick Feaver* is set up among the *Virtues*, and almost again consecrated a *God*. The Poets, and Oratours every where magnific, and presse this Fervent love of our Country; nor do I altogether reject it: But I think fit, and require, that it be *moderated*, and *bounded*; For in it self 'tis a *Vice*, and *Distemper*: 'Tis an *Inclining*, and *Lapse* of the Soul from her own *first height*. There is also a distemper that accompanies it; because the grief which seizes on you, is not *determin'd*, and *One*, but *perplex'd*, and *confus'd*; *Thine* and *Another's*: That which respects another is twofold, and looks either on the *Estate*, and *Condition* of the *Men*, or of the *Country*.

That you may the better apprehend, what I have more obscurely deliver'd, take this instance. You see your Country lies under more then one Calamity, and the Flame of this Civil Warre does every where break out; you see round about you the fields spoyl'd, the Townes plunder'd, and burnt; Men taken, and kill'd; Virgins, and Matrones deflowr'd; and whatever Inhumanities accompany Warre. Does not your grief arise from these Causes? I know it does: But, if you mark it, that grief is *diverse*, and *Indetermin'd*; you impart it at once to your own *Fortunes*, and your *Countries*. In your *selfe*, you lament your *particular* losses; in your Countrymen, the different Cruelties, and Oppressions, that are inflicted on *them*; in your Country, the destruction, and ruin of its *Constitution*. In *One* place, you may cry out, *Me miserum*! unhappy man that I am! in *another*.

— tot cives mei
Mandatam hostili pestem oppetiist manu.

How many worthy Souls are fled; snatch'd by
 The decreed Plague dealt by the Enemy!

In another, *O pater, O patria!* My Father!
 My Country! So that he that is not vanquish'd
 with this Number, and Order of Evills, That
 man is either very wise, or very hard-hearted.

CHAP. VIII.

Publick Evils oppos'd. Three Affecti-
 ons restrain'd: and of these, first a cer-
 tain Ambitious Simulation, by which
 Men boast of a Publick Griefe, but
 disguise their Private under it.

What think you, *Lipſius*, have not I all
 this while deserted my own Constancy,
 and took upon me the Defence of your
 Griefe? I have; But it is onely as couragious,
 and confident Commanders use; I have dar'd
 out all your Forces into the Field, and now I
 mean to deal with them: But first I'll skirmish,
 and afterwards joyne battell. In this *Velitation*
 I must at my first Onset charge three Affecti-
 ons, which are great Enemies to our Constancy; *Si-*
mulation, *Piety*, and *Commiseration*: I'll begin
 with *Simulation*.

You cannot endure, you say, the Publick
 Cala-

Calamity; 'tis a griefe, nay 'tis even a Death to you. Do you speak thus in earnest, or do you personate, and counterfeit it? I, being somewhat moved; Nay, (said I) do you ask this in earnest; or do you mock my grief? I (reply'd he) ask it sadly: For there are many in your case, that couden their Physicians, and pretend that a Publick Grief, which is a Private one. I demand again therefore, whither this Care,

Quæ nunc te coquit, & versat sub pectore fixa,
Which seated in your brest,
Breaks, and disturbs your rest,

be taken up for your Country, or for your self? Are you yet in doubt? (said I) 'Tis for my Country, *Langins*, Onely for Her sake, that I thus grieve. He shaking his head, as scarce satisfied; Young man, said he, enquire again, and again of your self; for I shall wonder to find this Excellent, Clear, & Disengag'd Piety in you; For I am sure it's in very few. We men, I confesse, complain oftentimes of the Publick Evills, nor is there any Grief more Common, and appearing (as I may say) in our Foreheads: But if you examine it nearer, you shall find a dissent betwixt the Tongue and the Heart. Those are proud words; The affliction of my Country pierces Mee! not true ones; borne within the lips only, not deeper within the breast. That which is reported of *Polus*, the famous Athenian Actor, who, being to present upon the stage a Part, wherein he was to expresse much passion, brought privately in, the Urne, and bones of his dead Sonne, and by that meanes fill'd the Theater with true sorrow; The same may be said of most of you. You do but Act this Tragedy, and appearing

ring under the *vizard* of your Country, you lament your *Own miseries*, with true, and warmer teares. *Mundus universus exerceet histrioniam*, saies *Arbiter*; The whole World are *Actors*: Certainly they are here. This *Civill Warre* (say they) afflicts us; the *Innocent Blood* that's shed, and the shipwrack that's made of our *Lawes*, and *Liberties*! Well, your Grief is Evident; I now examine the Cause. Is it because the *Publick* is distrest? Lay aside thy *Vizard, Actor*! 'Tis, because thy *Private* is in danger. Wee see Country-men startled, and amaz'd, and very liberall in their Vowes, and Prayers, when any sudden Calamity, or Tempest hafts upon them: Ask every one of these apart, when the storme is over, what it was made him so fearfull; you shall find, that every one *besought* onely for his *own corn*, and his *own field*. Suppose there be a fire in the City; you shall see even the *Lame*, and the *Blind*, hast to quench it: But why, think you? Is it for the *Love* they beare their *Country*? No! Ask themselves: 'Tis, because either the *losse* pertaines to *them in particular*, or at least the *feare*. Yours is the same, the *Publick Calamities* do at this time grieve, and trouble all Men, not because that Calamity, and Misery fallles upon *Many*; but because *themselves* dread it, being a part of, and among those *Many*.

CHAP. IX.

*A clearer Discovery of this Simulation
by Examples. Something, by the way,
of our True Country. The Malice of
Man; who, being secure himselfe,
rejoyces at the Miseries of Others.*

Therefore your selfe shall be judge, and at your own Tribunall shall this Cause be heard; but (as when heretofore the Ornaments, and Presence of the Court were remov'd) Briefly. You are affraid of this Warre: Why? because Plague, and Destruction accompany Warre. Whom does this Plague concerne? It rageth amongst *Others* now; but it may reach *Thee*. Behold the Fountain, and Reason of your Griefe; if at least you will confesse without a Racke. For as the Lightning, which hath strook onely *this*, or *that* man, hath yet affrighted *all those* that were near him: so in these Common, Doubtfull Calamities, the *losse* reaches but a *few*; but the *fear*, *all*: which *feare* if you take away, you take away the *Griefe* too. If Warre rage among the *Ethiopians*, or *Indians*, you are not mov'd at all; for you are out of it's reach. If in the *Low-Countries*, you presently lament, cry out, and strike your Thigh, and your Forehead; and yet what difference is there betwixt these two, if the *Cause* of your Grief be onely *Publick evils*? Because, that is not my *Country*, you'll say. Foole! Are not those Men, issued, and begun from the *same Masse*, and Original that thou art? Under the *same Arch* of
Heaven;

Heaven; In the same Globe of Earth? Do you account only *this spot* of Earth your County, which these Mountaines enclose, and these Rivers straighten? No! The *whole World* is thy Country; and, where ever thou findest Men, descended from that *Antient, Heavenly Seed*. Socrates answered gallantly to one, that ask'd him, what Countryman he was: *I am a Citizen of the World*, said he. A Great and large Mind does not *withdraw*, and retire it self within those narrow Bounds, which *Opinion* sets him; but his Thoughts spread, and advance *beyond* them, and he looks upon the *whole Universe*, as his *Own*. We see those Fooles, and laugh at them, whom their Keeper ties with a *few strawes*, or a small *Thread*; who stand as patiently, as if they were bound with Fetters, or a *true Chaine*. Our Folly is the same with theirs; who by a weak tie of Opinion, circumscribe, and enforce our thoughts within any *definite*, and *particular Part* of the Earth.

But to omit these harder truths, (for I fear how you will digest them,) I adde this; If any Divine Power could assure thee, that in the Continuance of this Warre, *Thy Fields* should be secur'd, *Thy goods* and *Mony* protected; that he would place thee on the top of some *quiet Mountaine*, cover'd with *Homer's Cloud*; would you *grieve*? I will not affirme that you would not; but there be some, that would not on ly not *grieve*, but *rejoyce*; and greedily satisfe, and feed their Eyes, with the confus'd heape of those that perish'd below. And Why do you wonder at this? There is a certain (I know not what) kind of malice in the Nature of Man, *Latans malo alieno*, (as an old Poet saies) gladdened with others harms: And, as some apples have

a kind of pleasing sharpness with them; so doe other Mens miseries tast with us, when our selves are secure. Place me a man on the *shore*; whence he may behold a Shipwrack: He will be affected, it's true; but with a kind of *Contented safe* Passion; because he sees other men's danger, without his *Own*: Put him into that *perishing Vessel*, and you shall see him grieve *another* Griefe. When we have done, and said what we can; we must conclude, that Our Grief is the same with this; and that we lament our own Evills *Truly*, and from our Soul; but the Publick for *Custom* onely, and *Fashion* sake. *Pindarus* said excellently: τὸ γὰρ οἰκεῖον πένθει Π' ἔσθ' ὁμῶς. ὁ δὲ δὲ ἀπώμων καρδία καὶ δ' αἴμαρ' ἀλλότριον.

*Our own Misfortunes to all Equal are;
But we soon lose Anothers fruitlesse Care.*

Wherefore, *Lipsius*, shift this Gawdy Scene, and withdraw this *Curtain*; and, laying aside all *Simulation*, discover the *True Countenance* of your Grief.

CHAP. X.

*A complaint of the over-free Charges,
and Imputations of Langius. That
'tis the part of a Philosopher to do so.
An endeavour to refute, what hath
been hitherto said. Our Obligation,
and Love to our Country.*

THIS first *Velitation*, me thought, was very
Smart; wherefore interrupting him; What
freedome, and bitterneſſe of Language
(ſaid I) is this you have us'd? Is this your
Gentle ſearching, and handling my Wound? I
may juſtly call to you with *Euripides*:

— μὴ νοστινῷτί μοι νόσον
Πρόδης. ἄλῃς γὰρ συμφορὰν ἐαρῶμαι.

— Do not encrease my Miſery:
My Griefes already full, and boundleſſe be.

Langius ſmiling, Do you then (ſaid he) ex-
pect what may pleaſe your Pallate, Wine, and
Dainties? You requir'd but now Searing, and
Lancing; and 'twas well: For you hear a Philo-
ſopher, and not a Muſitian; whoſe end is to profit,
more then delight you. *Ἰατρῆον, ὦ ἄνδρες, τὸ τὸ
φιλοσόφου σχολεῖον*, cry'd out *Rufus* heretofore;
A Philoſophers School, O yee people, is a Surgeons
ſhop; Whither men come for their Health, not
for their Pleaſure. This Phyſician does not ſooth,
and flatter his Patient, but ſearches and tents the
wound; and with ſharpe *Animadverſions*, and

Invelives, as *Corrasives*, cleanses the stainses of the Soul. Therefore henceforward, *Lipsius*, doe not expect *Roses*, *Sesamum*, or *Poppy*; but *Thorns*, *Rosinards*, *Wormwood*, and *Vinegar*. I reply'd; But *Langius*, if I may have liberty to tell you so, you deal Cunningly, and Treacherously with Me, and doe not (as a worthy Champion should) overthrow me by a just, lawful Force; but by *ruse*, and *Sleight*. You say, we do faintly, and out of some *Respects* onely, lament our Country; but not *Principally*, and for her *Own* sake. 'Tis an unjust accusation, as farre as it concernes Me: For (to deal ingenuously with you) I confesse that there is some *Regard* of my selfe in it; but not onely of my self: For, in the first place (*Langius*) I grieve for my Country; I do, will lament *Its* fortune, though my *owne* were unconcern'd; and with good Reason too. For, She it is that first receiv'd Me, cherish'd and brought me up; who, by the Common Consent of all Nations, is my most sacred, and Beloved *Parent*. But you say, The whole World is my Country; I do not deny it: But I know, you will acknowledge, that besides this Common, and Indifferent one, there is one more *Definite*, and *Peculiar* to me, to which I am nearer obliged, by a more secret Bond, and *Instinct* of Nature: Unless you think this *Native* soyle of ours had no prevailing power to win over, and engage our affection to it, in that we first fell downe upon *Its* Earth; that our feet first press'd it; that wee first drew in *Its* Aire; in which our *Infancy* began to *imperfect* Language; our *Childhood* play'd; Our *Youth* was exercis'd, and train'd up; Where the Heaven is familiar to our eyes; and we are acquainted with its *Rivers*, and *Fields*; where we find so large, and Antient a Catalogue of

Kin-

Kindred, Friends, and Companions continued, and brought downe to us; and so many Grounds of Contentment, which wee shall in vaine seeke for in any Other Land.

Nor is this, as you call it, the slender Thread of *Opinion*, but the firme Chaines, and Fetters of *Nature*. Look upon *other* Living Creatures! you see that even *Wild Beasts* love their *Own* Dens; The *Birds*, their *Nests*; the *Fishes* in that vast, and interminate *Ocean*, love to sport in a *known* part of it: For why should I insist any longer upon *Men*? Who, whither they are *Civil* or *Barbarous*, are so firmly allied to their *Native Country*, that there is none among them worthy the name of a Man, who will refuse to dye *for it*, and *in it*. And therefore, *Langius*, this your new, and Rigid *Wisdom* I neither follow, nor approve; but rather that of *Euripides*, who truly affirms,

ἀναλαίως ἔχει
Παρίδιος ἔραυ ἀπαντας.

Necessity doth move
All to their Country's love.

CHAP. XI.

The Second Affection, of too much Love to our Country, refuted : That it is falsely called, Piety. The Originall of that Affection. What is Truly, and Properly our Country.

LAngius smiling at my words, young Man (said he) your *Piety* towards your Country is wonderfull; and by this time the Brother of *M. Antoninus* may find a Rivall in his Name. Notwithstanding it falls out well, that this Affection so readily presents it self, and rushes on before his Ensigne: I intend therefore to meet, and charge him; but first of all I shall strip him of his rich *Outside*, and apparell, which sits ill upon him, and take it as a *Spoyle*.

For, this love which we bear to our Country, we commonly set forth, and commend, by the name of *Piety*; which I confesse I neither understand Why, nor endure. For how comes this to be *Piety*? which I acknowledge to be a high, and Eminent *Vertue*, and properly nothing else, then the *Lawful, due Honour, and love which wee beare towards God, and our Parents*. With what Face can our Country presse in for a share with these two? Because (you say) She is our most *Sacred, and Beloved Parent*. Fooles! and injurious not only to Reason, but to Nature it self. Is she your *Parent*? Why? and how? for my part I perceive not; if you are quicker-sighted, *Lipsius*, shew me. Because she receiv'd you? for
so

So you seem'd to say but now: your *Host*, and his *Inne* will do as much. But she hath *cherish'd* you! so heretofore hath your *Nurse*, and the *Armes* of those that carried you about. But she hath *fed* and *brought you up*? So she does *Beasts* too, *Trees*, and *Plants*: and those *Great Bodies* also performe *tish* for you, (to which yet you ascribe Nothing,) the *Earth*, the *Heavens*, the *Aire*, and the *Water*. Get into some *Other Country*, and see whither *that* will not be as *Liberall* to you in all this, as your *Own*. These are frothy, light words, by which you have express'd nothing, but a vulgar juyce of *Opinion*. For, They are onely your *Parents*, that have begot, formed, and borne you; of whose *seede* we are sprung, *Blood* of their *Blood*, *Flesh* of their *Flesh*; Any thing though but like which *Interests* if your *Country* can claim to have in you, I will submit to you, and pay this *Homage* of *Piety* to her. But (you will say) *Great*, and *knowing* men have alwaies given it her. I confesse it; But 'twas when they had respect to *Fame* onely, not to *Truth*: For if you follow it, you shall release this *Sacred*, *Great Name* to *God*, and (If you please) to your *Parents*; and that other *Affection* (even when its rectified) shall sit down, contented with the honest Title of *Charity*.

Hitherto we have spoken onely of the *Name*; wee'l now enquire into the *Thing* it self; which I will not wholly take away, but *restraine*, and as it were *prune* it. For as a *Vine*, unlesse you dresse it, spreads into superfluous, unnecessary *Branches*; so do these *Affections*, whom *Popular Applause* swell, and blow up. I confesse therefore willingly, *Lippius*, (for I have not so wholly put off *Man*) that there is an inclinati-

on, and love in every one, towards this his *lesser Country*: But the Ground, and Originall of that love (as farre as I perceive) you quite mistake. You conceive it to proceed from *Nature*; when indeed, it is onely from a kinde of *Custom*, and *Institution*.

For, when Men first came in, and gave up their savage Haunts in the Woods, they entred into, and began a *Society*; and to that end, for their *Common*, *Mutual* Defence, built them Townes, and fortified them; and jointly defended, or invaded. From this, there necessarily arose a certain *Communion*, and *Joint property* in sundry things: They had *all such and such Bounds*, and *Territories*, *Temples*, *Places of Commerce*, *Treasuries*, and *Tribunalls*; and (which is the strongest tie) they enjoyed the *same Ceremonies*, *Rights*, and *Lawes*. All which things our private *affections* cherish'd, and promoted, (nor was it altogether mistaken in it) as its *Own*: for in those things every Private Member had a *Right*; Nor did the things differ otherwise from *Peculiar*, and *Appropriate Possessions*, but in this; that they were not *Onely One Mans*, but *Own'd in General*. In this Parity, and Equall society in things, appear'd the Forme of a New State, which we now call a *Commonwealth*, and properly, *Our Country*. On the safety of *Which* when Men saw how, *Consequently*, their *Own Private Weale* depended, there were *Lawes* made, to assist, and defend it; or else, this engag'd Defence of it prevail'd by *Custom*, (and was deriv'd down from those our Ancestors,) of Equall Force with a *Law*. Hence is it, that we *rejoyce* at its Prosperity, and are *afflicted* for its sufferings: becaule *It* being safe, *Our Private Fortunes*, being ventur'd
in

in it, are *Secure* too; and when it miscarries, They go along with it, Hence is that *Charity*, & *Love*, to our *Country*: which Love, for the Publick good, (nor is the hand of *Providence* idle, in drawing us to it,) our Ancestors still earnestly endeavour'd to encrease in us, by ascribing a certain *Majesty* to our Country. This affection therefore, in my Judgement, is from *Institution*.

For were it from *Nature* (as you were saying) why is it not indifferently, and with an equall hand, divided to *all*? Why do *Rich*, and *Noble* Men, love their Country more *Eagerly*, and with greater *passion*, then *poore*, and *Common* People? Wee see, omitting the *Publick*, pursue their *private Fortunes*: since in every Affection, which proceeds from the Violent, and commanding sway of *Nature*, it falls out *Otherwise*. Lastly, what Reason can you bring, that such small, petty regards do raise, or diminish this love? Wee see, that *anger* hath made some forsake their Country; *love*, *honor*, and *ambition*; others. And at this time, how many hath that God of *Wealth* allur'd out of their Country? How many *Italians*, forsaking *Italy*, the Queene of Countries, have planted themselves in *France*, *Germany*, nay in *Sarmatia*; onely for their profit? How many thousands of *Spaniards* does *covetousnesse* and *ambition*, every year draw out, into Lands remov'd from ours, under another Sun? This certainly is a strong, and sure Argument, that this Bond is wholly *Externall*, and in *Opinion*, which One Affection can so easily break off.

In that too, *Lipsius*, you erre, where you restrain your Country to your Native Soyle, because we first fell down on it; and, Our Feet first

press'd it; and, for those other Reasons, which appear enely in word. For, if from those Reasons you should enforce the Love of your Country, only because you were just there Borne, *Bruxells* only would be *Mine*, and *yours*, *Gant*: anothers, some cottage, or *Hovel*; and anothers, scarce a Cottage, but some *Wood*, or open *Field*. Shall my Love, and Care therefore be *enclos'd* and *pent up* within those narrow *Angles*? Shall I *defend only*, and be tender over the *Prosperity* and *Weale* of that *Farme*, or that *Hedge*, for my *Country*? See the folly of your *Conclusions*! And how *Blessed*, according to your *Doctrine*, those *Silvanes* are, whose *Native Earth* is *still green*, and *Flourishing*, plac'd aloof, and out of the way of those *Great changes*, and *alterations*. This therefore is not our *Country*; But, one certain *State*, as I said, and (as it were) *common ship*, under *one Law*, or under *one King*: which if of *Right* you will have to be loved, and defended by its people, I will *confesse* it: If you will have *Death* undergone in its *Quarrell*, I will *permit* it: But I will never permit you to *grieve*, and *lament* for it.

Dulce & decorum est pro patriâ mori:
 Who for their *Country* die,
 Fall *Glorious*, and *High*:

Cry'd heretofore the Poet of *Venussum*, with a lowd consent of the *Theater*; but he said, to *Die*, not to *Weep*. For we ought so to be good *Citizens*, that we may be also *Good Men*: which we leave to be, when we lose our selves among the *Cries*, and waylings of *Children* and *Women*.

To conclude, *Ipsius*, (And now I instill in-

to thee that Eminent, High, and onely Worthy Notion,) If you justly value, and account the whole Man, you shall find all these Countries *False*, and *Appearing* onely ; and such , as perchance, may be own'd by the *Body*, but none dares claim the *Soul*: which, descended, and let downe from That Dwelling *Above*, looks up on the whole Earth , as It's *Restraint*, and *Prison*: 'Tis Heaven onely , that's thy *True* , *genuine* Country ; to which let us all aspire ! that wee may reply, with *Anaxagoras*, to the foolish People that enquire, *Have you no regard of your Country?* (looking upwards) 'Tis that's my Country.

CHAP. XII.

The Third Affection, Commiseration, rectified: to indulge it overmuch, a Vice. It's difference from Mercy. How, and with what respects it is to be admitted.

THis Discourse of *Langius* withdrew (me thought) a Cloud from my Understanding: And, My Father, (said I) you still better me , both by you Reproofes , and Instructions; So that me thinks I am now able to keep under that Affection , which is tender over the *Place*, or *State* that bred Mee ; but not those Inclinations which look towards the *Men themselves*. For how is it possible , that the Losses, and Desolations of My Country should not afflict Me, for my *Friends*, and *Companions* sakes, who are wrack'd in this Sea of Calamities

ries, and perish together under this *One Misery*, by *diverse Fates*? *Langius* interrupting me; But tis, *Lipsius* (said he) is not properly *Grief*, but *Commiseration*; which also is to be thrown off, by a *wise* and *constant* man. For, nothing more becomes him, then a firm, enduring courage, and *Evennesse* of Mind; which cannot be in him, if not only his *Own*, but *Others* Afflictions shall any way deject, or move him. But here I interrupted him; And what *Stoical* Lessons are these (said I) do you forbid me to *pitty* too? That Affection which all good men have rank'd among the *Vertues*? I am sure, wee place her there, who bear witness to true *Religion* and *Piety*. But I (said *Langius*) do in earnest cast her off; for which, I am sure, no knowing good man will blame me: For, truly, and in her own nature, she is an *Infirmity*, and *disease* of the mind, and he is not farr from *Misery*, that does commiserate. For as it is the property of a weak, infirm Eye to water when it lookes on another that doth; So 'tis of a Soul, to grieve for Company. I therefore define it to be, *an infirmity of a weak easy mind fayling, and giving off, at the Representation of anothers misfortune*. But how then? Shall we be so *stubborn*, and *cruell* to anothers *Sorrow*, as not at all to be moved by it? No! Let us be mov'd; but so, as to *succour* and *assist*; not to grieve onely, and lament: I allow you *Mercy*, but not *Commiseration*. For now I will distinguish these two, and recede a little from our *Stoa*, that I may instruct you.

I call *Mercy*, *An Inclination of the mind to relieve the Poverty, or Anguish of Another*. This is that *Vertue*, *Lipsius*, which you discover as through a *Mist*; and, in whose stead, *Commiseration* stole in, and impos'd upon you. But you will

will say, it is a humane affection to pity, and bewail another: It is so; but 'tis not a *Right* one. For, do you think any vertue is ray'd from the *Weakness* and *Abjection* of the Mind? from your *sighes* and *sobs*, from the mingling broken, and half intercepted words with the Mourner? No! for were it so, I could point you out some Coverous old women, and greedy *Euclios*, from whom you shall sooner exprels a thousand Teares then the least piece of mony. But our truly mercitull, and pitying Man, though he do not thus *bewail*, and *cry* for anothers sorrow, shall yet do more. Hee shall behold anothers Miseries with *Humane Eyes*, though the *Tears* be away: He shall speak to him with a kind of *Suffering*, contracted look; not with a *whining*, and *dejected* one; his comforts shall be *manly*, and satisfying, & he shal sooner reach out, and afford his *Hand* to him that's afflicted, and fallen, then his *words*. And all this shall he do *circumspectly*, and *warily*; least as in a contagion, the common disease spread also over, and comprehend him: or least (as they say of *Gladiators*) a *Wound* surprise him through anothers side. What's Rigid here now, and cruell? Such is all *Wisedome*! To those that look, on her at a distance, she appears *severe* & *harsh*: But to those that approach her, she is *lovely* and *gentle*; in comparison of whom, that *Goddesse* of love *sailes*, and resignes up her own, *less Beauty*.

But enough of these *three affections*; which if I have foyl'd in you, the remainder of the Day shall be the more easily mine.

CHAP. XIII.

These Obstacles removed, Publick Evills themselves are considered. Four Arguments propos'd against them. Of Providence; that it beares Rule over, and is interess'd in all Humane things.

I Come at length from our *Velitation*, to a true, and serious *Fight*, and omitting these *light Weapons*, I proceed to *Decretory Armes*. My Forces shall be brought up in Order, and plac'd under their severall Ensignes; of which I make Four *Squadrons*. The *First* shall evince, That these Publick Evills are sent, and commanded amongst us by God: The *Second*, that they are *Necessary*, and from *Fate*: The *Third*, That they are *Profitable* for us; and the *Last*, That they are neither *Over-heavy*, nor *New*. Which Forces, if from their due Stations They both Charge, and Repel your Powers, the whole Army of your Griefe shall not dare either to *resist*, or *face* them: I have already conquer'd, and with this Omen let the Trumpets sound.

All Affections, *Lipsius*, which variously breake in upon, and disquiet our life, as they All proceed from a diseas'd Mind, so more especially, (in my Judgement) does *This* Griefe, which we take on us for the Commonwealth. For, when the *Other* move on, and are directed to a certain *Rest*, and *stay* of the Desire; (as the Lover, to enjoy: the Angry, to *Revenge*; the Covetous, to get; and so of the rest) This onely proposes no End but *It selfe*. But, that my Speech break not
our

out beyond its due Bounds, I will Curbe, and Manage It within this Ring. You lament your Country, as you say, now falling! To what end do you lament It? Or, what does your Griefe, or Hope looke at? Can it build up Its Ruines? strengthen, and sustain its Decaies? Or can you, by Grieving, meet and turne back the Plague that threatens It? None of all these: This is all you shall bring about; to be able to say, I Grieve: but to performe any thing else, this your Grief is utterly Vain, and Unable. For, It concernes a Thing Past; which to recover again, and call back, The Gods would not have to be in their own Power.

But, is your Grief only Vaine? 'Tis Impious too. For, (which you are not ignorant of) there is an Eternall Mind, (God,) which commands, moderates, and assists the continuall, Enduring Orbs of the Heavens, the unequall courses of the Stars, the succeeding Vicissitudes of the Elements, and (in a word) that governess, and comprehends the whole Space, and Distance of things both Above, and Beneath us. Do you think that any Chance, or Fortune hath the Charge, and Command over this glorious Body of the World? That the Affairs of men are hurried on, and confounded together, by a Prone, Rast, and Blind Violence? I know you believe otherwise; and so does every one, that is (I will not say Wise but) Sable. For 'tis the Voice of Nature her self, and wherever you turn your Eyes, or your Mind, to mortall, or Immortall, to things Above, or Below, Animate, or Inanimate, They All tell out, and confesse, That there is something above Us, that Created and fram'd so Wonderfull, Great, and so Various Things; and, that conserves and directs this Creation. And this

this is *God*: to whose Highest; and most Perfect Nature, Nothing more agrees, then that He be *Willing*, and *Able*, to take upon him the *Charge*, and *Protection* of His *Worke*. And what should hinder Him from being *Willing*, that is the *Best*; Or, Him from being *Able*, that is the *Greatest*? For, there is no Power *Above* Him; nor Any, but *from* Him. Nor can the Magnitude, or Variety of things separate, and remove from Him. For, that *Eternall Light* does *every where* spread, and diffuse its *Beames*; and with the same Dart (as I may say). does *at once* pierce thorough, and inlighten *all* the *Abysses*, and *Retirements* of the *Heavens*, *Earth*, and *Seas*. Nor does this *Divinity* guide onely, and dispose *All* these *Things*, but is *In Them*. And why should wee wonder at it? How great a part of the *World* does *One Sunne* inlighten? What a *Mass*e, and heape of things does *Our Mind*, under *One Thought*, compasse, and take in? And, O *Fooles*! Shall not we think, that He that *made that Sun*, and *that Mind*, can at *One View* attain, and set before Himself, more then *They*? *Aristotle* said Excellently, if not *Divinely*; who there yet was usually to seeke: ὅπερ ἐν νηὶ μὲν κυβερνήτης, ἐν ἄρματι δὲ ἡνίοχος, ἐν χερσὶ δὲ κορυφαῖος, ἐν πόλει δὲ νόμος, ἐν στρατοῦ δὲ ἡγμένων, τὸ θεὸς ἐν κόσμῳ, πάλιν καὶ ὅσον τοῖς μὲν καματηρὸν τὸ ἄρχειν, πολυκινήτων δὲ, καὶ, πολυμέμενον, πῶς δὲ ἄλυτον, ὁππότεν τε πάσης κεχωρισμένον σωματικῆς ὀδυσσεύς. What the *Pilot* is in the *ship*, the *Coariter* in the *Chariot*, the *Coryphaeus* in the *Chorus*, the *Law* in the *City*, the *Commander* in the *Army*; That in the *World* is *God*: onely with this *Difference*, that *Their Government* is *laborious*, *sad*, and *toysome*; but *That of God* is without *Paine*, or *Travail*, being free from *all Interruption*; and

Hin...

Hinderance of the Body. There is therefore in God, *Lipsius*, there hath been, and there shall be, A Watchfull, and ready Care, (voyd yet of all Anxiety) by which he is *present with*, and knowes All Things; which, being known, He does direct, and govern, by an Order *Immutable*; and *Unknown* to Us: and This I call *Providence*; of which, though some, through Weaknesse, may complain; yet None, through Ignorance, can deny; but They who are deafe, and stupid, to all Voyle, and Sense of Nature.

CHAP. XIV.

Nothing done here, but by Commission of Providence: Cities, and People owe their Ruines to It. It is not Piously done therefore to complain of, and to be so Tender in our Sufferings. An Exhortation to obey God; with whom it's vain to Contest.

Which if you have once well digested, and if you seriously, and heartily believe, that this Governor does alwaies insert and immixe His Power, and (to speake with the Poet)

— *ire per omnes
Terrasque, tractusque Maris.*

Does through all Regions fly,
Each Sea, each Land descry.

I see not what pretence there is left to your Griefe. For, That Carefull, Provident Spirit, which daily moves, and turnes about this Heaven; which *calles out*, and again *brings back* the Light; which *enlarges*, and *shuts up* the Spring; hath brought to passe All these Changes, and Vicissitudes, which you either repine, or wonder at. Doe you thinke that only *Pleasant*, and *Profitable* things, are sent down to us from Above? No! *Sad*, and *Bitter Things* come thence too: Nor is there any thing, in this great Frame of the World, which is transacted, troubled, or confounded, (I except Sinne onely) whose Cause, and Originall proceeds not from That *First Cause*. Πάντων παύλας ἔργων ἐς ἑγανά, saies Pindarus excellently; *The Dispensers of All Things are in Heaven*: And there is a certain *Golden Chaine* let down from Above (as Homer gives us in a Fable) to which all these Things Beneath are tied. That, in that place an *Earthquake* hath swallow'd up, and buried Whole Townes, and Cities, is from *Providence*: That, in Another, the *Pestilence* hath devour'd, and cut down so many thousands of Men, is from It too: That *War*, and *Slaughters* rage among the *Netherlanders*, is still from the same *Providence*. 'Tis from *Heaven*, *Lipsius*, 'tis from *Above*, that *All Destructions* come. And therefore they are Aptly, and Wisely stiled by *Euripides*, *Συμφορὰ δεινὰτος*, *Miseries*, brought in by God. For all these *Ebbings*, and *Flowings* of *Humane Things*, are Govern'd, and directed by That *Moon*; the *Risings*, and *Settings* of *Kingdomes*, by That *Sun*. And therefore, when you enlarge your Griefe against this Cause, and murmur at the *Fall*, and *Ruine* of your *Country*; you forget in the meane time, both *Who* you are, that repin'd; and

and, *Whom 'tis* that your Murmurings rise against. What art *Thou*? A *Man*, a *Shadow*, *Dust*. *Whom* dost thou repine at? (I feare to speak it) against *God*. Antiquity fain'd, that some *Gyants* enterpris'd to pull down the Gods out of Heaven. To omit Fables, You Complainers are true-ly *Those Gyants*. For, if all these things are not onely permitted by God, but *Commanded* by Him; You that Complain, and resist, do (as much as in you lies) *strike* at his *Scepter*; *limit*, and *intrench* upon the *Prerogative* of His *Rule*. Blind Mortality! The Sun, the Moon, the Starres, the Elements, and all the Generations of Creatures, willingly *ebey* and *listen* to this *Supream Law*; Onely, the Noblest Piece of the Creation, Man, *spurnes* at, and *replies* upon his *Maker*. Had you hoys'd your Sailes, and given them up to the Power of the Winds; you must follow, not whither your selfe *would* go, but, whither They *list* to carry you. And in this Sea of Our Life, shall you refuse the *Condu&t* of that *Spirit*, which guides, and moves on the *whole World*? Thinke but how *Vaine* your Resistance is! for you must either follow *Willingly*, or be *Forc'd* along: And those Heavenly Decrees will finish, and fulfill That Way, and Order, that's *Eternally* set down before them, whether Thou Obey, or Rebell. We should laugh at him, that having tyed his Boat to a Rock, should draw the Cord; and so forcing himselfe to the Rock, should yet think, that he drew the Rock to him. Our Folly is the same; who, being bound to that Rock of *Eternal Providence*, thinke by our Struglings, and Refusings, to force *That* to *Us*; When, of Necessity, *Wee* must apply to *That*. Let us at last submit! And if we are wise, let us follow That *Direction*, which *steeres* us from *Above*; and let

us think it but Reason, that that should please *Man*, which pleases *God*. The Souldier in the Campe, when he heares he must March, trusses up his Baggage: When the Trumpet sounds to Battail, he laies it downe, still ready, and intent to every Command. Let us do so, in this Our Warfare! Let Us cheerfully, and with a full pace follow Our Great Commander, wherever he calls Us. *Ad hoc sacramentum* (saies *Seneca*) *adaſti ſumus, ferre Mortalia: nec perturbari his, quæ vitare noſtræ poteſtatis non eſt. In regno nati ſumus: Deo parere, Libertas eſt.* “ We are bound
 “ to this Sacrament, to endure all Mortall things;
 “ and not to be troubled with thoſe Things,
 “ which are not in our Power to be avoided.
 “ We are born in a Kingdome; To ſerve God, is
 Liberty.

CHAP. XV

The Second Argument for Conſtancy, drawn from Neceſſity: It's Force, and Efficacy. Neceſſity deriv'd from Two Grounds: and firſt, from the Things themſelves.

THIS, *Lipſius*, is a well temper'd ſhield againſt all *External Dangers*; Theſe are thoſe *Golden Armes*, with which being cover'd, *Plato* bad us fight againſt *Chance*, & *Fortune*; To be ſubject to *God*; To look alwaies upon him; and in all *Events*, to reflect this *Our Mind*, upon that *Great Mind* of the *World*; I meane *Providence*; whoſe Pious, and happy Forces, ſee-
 ing

ing I have already made good proof of, I will now bring up my Other Squadron, under the Standard of *Necessity*; a Valiant, able, and enduring Supply; and which I shall, not in vain, call the *Legion Fulminatrix*. For, It's resolv'd, and unbroken Force commands, and triumphs over all Opposition; and which, I shall wonder (*Lipsius*) if you shall resist.

Thales being ask'd once, *τί ἰσχυρότατον*; What was most stronge? answered, *Ανάγκη. πάντων γὰρ κρατεῖ*, *Necessity*; for, that subdues All things. And there is another old saying remembred, though somewhat Bold: *τὸν ἀνάγκῃ ἑδὲ τῆς θεῆς ἐπιάζονται*, That the Gods themselves cannot force *Necessity*. This *Necessity* do I annexe to *Providence*; because of the near Relation it beares to It; or, more truly, because it is descended, and born from It. For from God, and His Decrees, is *Necessity*. Nor is this *Necessity* any Other Thing, then, as the Greek Philosopher defin'd it, *Κεῖς ἐκείνα καὶ ἀμετάστερον δύναμις τῆς προνοίας*, A Firme Sanction, and Immutable Power of *Providence*. This *Necessity*, I shall prove, does two waies immixe it selte, and intervene amongst *Publik Evils*; from the Things themselves, and from fate. From the things themselves; because it's the Nature of All Created Essences, by a Certaine Innate, and Prone Violence, to move and passe on to a Change, and Alteration. And, as Naturally Iron is subject to Rust; and Wood to be eaten out by Wormes; so have All Creatures, Cities, and Kingdomes, their Internal Causes of perishing. Cast thy eyes upwards, or below; to Great, or small things; whither the Hand produc'd them, or the Mind; they have hitherto stil perish'd, and shall perish ever. And as Rivers with a swift, and earnest Course run into the Sea; so do All

Hu-

Humane things slide along by this Channell (as I may call it) of Miseries, to their Utmost Race, and limit; which Limit is Death, and Destruction; To which, Plague, Warrs, and Slaughters, are Instruments, and Attendants. So that if Death be necessary to them, it follows, that, for the same Reason, Miseries are necessary too.

Which, that it may the more evidently appear to you by examples, I will a while enlarge my Thoughts, and freely travell with you, through this Great Universe.

CHAP. XVI.

Instances of Necessary Mutation, and End, throughout the whole World: The Heavens, and Elements alter, and Exchange. The same is seen in Cities, Provinces and Kingdomes. All things here in passage; and nothing sure, and Permanent.

THE Eternall Law, from the beginning pass'd upon, and denounc'd to the World, to be Born, and Die; to Rise and set: Nor would the great Moderator of things have any thing firme, and Stable but himself.

——— μόνοις ἔχεται
 Θεοῖσι γῆρας, ἐδὲ μὲν δαρεῖν ποτε.
 Τὰ δ' ἄλλα συγχέονται ὁ παλαιότης χρόνου.

Cries out the Tragicall Poët :

For

——— For to the Gods alone
Age nere approaches, nor Corruption.
But to All else the great, Commanding Pow'r
Of Time sets Limits, and prescribes an Hour.

All these things which we behold, and wonder at, do by turnes perish, or are *chang'd*. Look upon the *Sun*! An Eclipse darkens him: The *Moon*! she *wanes*, and *failes*: The *Stars*! They *slide*, and *fall*. And, (however the evasions of men shall elude it) there have appear'd such *Alterations* in that heavenly body, that have, and shall silence, and break all Law, and Judgement of the Mathematicians. I omit the *Comets* of various Forme, Position and Motion; which that they are all *from*, and *in* the air, no School shall easily convince me. See but how of late certain *New Motions*, and *New Stars* found out, have puzl'd the Astrologers! That Starr which appear'd in the year 1572, whose Increase, and Decreases were clearly observ'd, hath taught us this *hard* Truth, that, even in Heaven, something may be *Born*, & *Die*. Varro in St. *Augustine* asserts, that the Planet *Venus*, which *Plautus* calles *Vesperugo*, and *Homer* *Ἑσπερος* ☿, chang'd its Colour, Magnitude, Figure, & Motion. Let's come lower, and look upon the *Air*! 'Tis daily chang'd, & alters into Winds, Clouds, & Rain. View the *Waters*: those *Fountaines*, and *Rivers*, which we have in vaine all this while call'd *Eternall Springs*, some of them are *lost*; others have chang'd their *Course*, and found out *New channels*. The *Ocean* it selfe, that Great and Secret Part of Nature; sometimes it's *lifted* up with Tempests, and again *abated*: And though those Stormes were *quiet*, it hath yet (that proper tempest of it's owne) *Ebbings*, and *Flowings*:
and

And to make us the easier beleive, that it may *totally* perish, wee see it *increase* daily, and *diminish* by *Parts*. Look upon the *Earth*, which onely they would have to be *Immoveable*, and stand by its *own strength* ! See in this place what large *Ruines*, and *Breaches* are made in it, by the *Eruptions* of the *Wind* pent up within : in another place, how the *Fire* or *Water* prevail over it: For even these *Bodies* fight, and there is a *War* among the *Elements* themselves. How many *Countries* hath a suddain deluge, and *Inundation* wholly covered, or *lessen'd* : Heretofore that large *Island Atlantis*, (for to mee 'tis no *Fable*) Afterwards *Helice*, and *Eura*. And not to look so farre back, even in our own *Country*, (in *Zealand*) in our *Fathers daies*, two *Islands* were swallow'd up, together with their *People*. And at this present that *Blew Deity* still forces, and takes in *new Creeks*, winning dayly upon the *unfaithfull*, yeilding shores of the *Frisians*, and *Hollanders*. Nor is the *Earth* altogether wanting to her selfe; but sometimes vindicates her *Losses*, and in the midst of the *Sea* raises, and lifts up *Islands*; whilst the *Hoary God* disdaines, and wonders.

And if these great bodies, which we think *Eternall*, are yet within the reach of *Change*, and *Death*; what shall we think of *Cities*, *Commonwealths*, and *Kingdoms*, which of *Necessity* must yield to the same *Mortality*, as *They* d d who constituted them. And as to *All Men* there is a *Youth*, *Maturity*, *Old Age*, and *Death*; So is there to *Them*: they begin, they *Increase*, they *Stand*, they *Flourish*; and all this, onely that they may fall. One *Earth quake*, under *Tiberius*, overturn'd twelve famous *Cities* in *Asia*; and Another, under *Constantine*, as many *Townes* in *Campania*; and one

Warre

Warre of *Attila* more then a *Hundred*. Fame scarce retaines the ancient *Thebes* of *Ægypt*; and Wee hardly believe the hundred Cities of *Creet*. To come to surer ones; The rubbish of *Carthage*, *Numantia*, and *Corinth*, our Ancestours saw, and wondred at: And We do at the unworthy Ruines of *Athens*, *Sparta*, and those Other, once *Glorious*, and *Renown'd* Cityes. That *Queen* of *Nations*, and falsely call'd, *The Eternall City*, where is shee? shee's overturn'd, raz'd, burnt, overwhelm'd? She hath found *Many Deaths*, and is at this day curiously sought for, but not found in Her Owne place. Look upon *Byzantium*, which pleases her self, that Shee hath been the seat of *Two Empires*, and upon *Venice*, which glories in the Strength and Duration of a *Thousand* yeares! Their *Day* will come too. And Thou our *Antwerp*, the Eye of Cities, shalt once be no more. For, that Great *Architect* builds, and pulles downe, and if we may so speak, sports himself in the affairs of the World, and as a *Porter*, *Moulds* and *Unmakes* diverse *Formes*, and *Representations* out of this *Clay*.

Nor is this the Fate of *Cities*, and *Towns* only; but whole *Kingdoms* and *Provinces*, are comprehended under the same *Law* of *Destruction*. In *Old Time* the *East* flourish'd; *Assyria*, *Ægypt*, and *Judea*, were renown'd for *Arts* and *Valour*. Their Portion hath been deliver'd to *Europe*; and even *She*, (me thinks) as *Bodies*, when a *Disease* fastens on them, *Trembles*, and seemes to apprehend Her owne great Fall. And, which we may more, yet never enough, wonder at, This now *Habitable World*, after the Race of five *Thousand* and five *Hundred* yeares, growes *Aged*; and, that we may againe applaud the *Old* exploded *Fable* of *Anaxarchus*, there arise now, and are borne, *New*

Mens and *Worlds*. O Wonderfull, and never sufficiently comprehended *Law of Necessity*! All things turn about, and pass off, in this *Fatall Circle* of *Beginning*, and *Ending*: And though something in this Frame hath endur'd out, to be call'd *Aged*; Nothing yet hath, to be *Eternal*. Lift up your Eyes, and look round with Mee, (for I cannot be weary of this Contemplation) and behold the *Changes*, and as in the Sea, the *Ebbings*, and *Flowings* of *Humane things*! Thou shalt *Rise*; and Thou shalt *Fall*! Thou, *command*, and Thou, *serve*. Be Thou *Obscure*, and, Thou *Glorious*! And this *Hurry*, and *Maze of things*, *hastening*, and *altering* *Themselves* into one another, shall endure while the World does. Were you, *Germans*, heretofore *Savage*? Be now the *Patterne* of *Civility* to *Europe*. Were you *Brittaines* *Poor*, and *Despicable*? Let your *Wealth*, and *Glory* *Now* challenge the *Ægyptians*, and the *Sybarits*. Did *Greece* heretofore *flourish*? Let her now *lye wast*. Did *Italy* sway the *Scepter*? She shall now *obey*. You *Gothes*, and *Vandals*, the *superfluity*, and *refuse* of the *Barbarians*, forsake your *Dens*; and *command* the *Nations* by *turnes*. And you the rough *Scythians* appear, and take upon you the *Dominion*, and *Rule of Asia*, and *Europe*. But do you too afterwards depart; & resign the *Scepter* to the *Nation* bounded by the *Ocean*! For, is't my *Fancy*? Or, do I truly discern the doubtful *Sun* of a *New Empire* rising from the *West*.

CHAP. XVII.

*The Necessity which proceeds from Fate.
Fate asserted: an Univerſall Conſent
both of the Learned, and the People,
to it; but a Diſſent in it's Parts. How
the Antients divided Fate.*

THIS Speech of *Langius* did even expreſs
Teares ſow me; the Vanity, and Poornels, of
the *Moſt* regarded Humane things, being ſo
evidently Maniſteſted: ſo that I cry'd out; What
are Wee men! How *Nothing* are thoſe Things,
about which Wee toyle! τί δὲ πῶς; τί δ' ὅτι;
οὐκ ἔστιν ἀπορία.

What's any one?

And What is none?

Man's but a Shadowes Dreame!

as the Lyric Poet ſaid truly heretofore. *Langius*
replies, Young Man! Look then upon Theſe
Things, not as *Above*, but as *Beneath* you; and
from the Contemplation of this Inconſtant
Levity and *Giddineſs* of Things, learn to imprint
and ſtay Conſtancy in your Mind. I call Them,
Inconſtant, from *Our* Senſe of Them: But as they
reſpect their Beginning, God, and his Providence,
thoſe very Mutations are *enacted*, and ſucceed in
a *Commanded*, plac'd Order.

And now, leaving the *Sword*, I come to my
Engines, and will plant againſt you the *Ram* of
Fate, which no Humane Strength, or Sleight,
ſhall either abide or elude. And though the

Ground be Slippery, I will yet make my Approaches, but Slowly, and Warily, and as the Grecians say, *ἡσυχῶ ποδῖ*, With a gentle pace. And first of all, I conceive no Age or Nation ere oppos'd this Truth, That there is a Fate in things. Pardon mee, (said I) if I stop you in this Course: This your Ram of Fate (*Langius*) is too Weak, and faintly directed, by the Infirme Armes of the Stoicks: I speake freely, I despise It, and the Destinies; and with *Plautus's* Souldier, I can with one Breath scatter and blow away this Troop, which onely credulous Old Women have rallied up. *Langius*, (with a severe and threatning Look) Rasth, and inconsiderate Young Man! (said He:) It is not in your Power either to stand, or evade this Force; unless together with it, you deny all Divine Power, and Essence. For, if God be, Providence is; if Providence, then is there a Striſt, enjoin'd Order, and Decree of Things: and if such an Order, then is there a firme, Establish'd Necessity of Events. How do you avoid this Blow? Or, with what Axe do you cut in sunder this Chaine? For, we cannot otherwise conceive of, and apprehend God, that Eternal Mind, then that there is in Him, from Eternity, a Precomprehension, and Presence of Things; whom we know to be Fix'd, Firme, Immutable; alwaies One, and like Himself; never receding from, or altering those Things, which he once saw and will'd.

Οὐ γὰρ τ' αἰ-λα θεῶν τελέται νόθ' αἰὲν ἰόντων.

The Statutes which the Gods decree,
Like those Gods, Immortall be.

Which if you affirm to be True, you must also

also (unless you forfeit all your sense and Reason) yield, that all *Divine Decrees* are fix'd, and Stated from *Eternity to Eternity*: From which, *Necessity* derives it self; and this *Fate*, which you spurn at. And this Truth is so *Obvious*, that amongst all kinds of Men, there is not a more Ancient and receiv'd one. For all those, to whom ever any Light of *God*, or *Providence* appear'd, have discern'd *This Light* too. So that those *First, pure Fires* which discover'd *Him* to Man, seeme together to have discover'd also *That*. Hear *Homer*, the antientest and wisest of the Poëts; Whose *Muse* trod out no other Path, then this *Fatall one*. Nor did the whole Race of Poëts dissent from their Ancestour: Look else upon *Euripides*, *Sophocles*, *Pindarus*, and our *Virgil*. Search *Historians*; Their Common Language is, such a Thing hath hap'n'd by *Fate*; Kingdomes owe their *Ruine*, or *Establishment* to *Fate*. Look upon *Philosophers*, to whose Charge Truth was committed, to defend Her against the *Ignorance* of the *Common People*; & see how They, though in many *other Things* They dissent, yet do all agree in the *Beginning* of this Way, which leads to *Fate*. I say in the *Beginning*; because I deny not but it was after trod out into *diverse Paths*: all which may notwithstanding be reduc'd to these *Foure*; *Mathematical Fate*, *Natural*, *Violent*, and *True Fate*. All which I will briefly explaine, because they Commonly breed much *Error*, and *Confusion*.

CHAP. XVIII.

The Three First Kinds of Fate briefly explained: the Description of Them. The Stoicks in part excused.

Mathematicall Fate I call That, which fastens, and retaines All Actions, and Events, to the Influence, and Position of the Stars: of which the *Chaldeans*, and *Astrologers*, are the Prime Authors. And amongst the Philosophers, that Parent of them, the High *Mercurius Trismegistus*, distinguishing betwixt *Providence*, *Necessity*, and *Fate*, thus subtly, and not altogether idly spake of it. Περὶ νοῆς ἐστὶ ἀνπιλήρης λόγος τῷ ἐπιφανέϊ διῷ. δύο δὲ τύτῃ δυνάμεις αὐτοφύεις, Ἀνάγκη, καὶ Εἰμαρμένη. ἡ δὲ Εἰμαρμένη ὑπορετῇ περὶ νοῆα, καὶ Ἀνάγκη. τῇ δὲ Εἰμαρμένῃ ὑπορετῇ οἱ ἀστέρες. οὕτε γὰρ εἰμαρμένῳ φύγειν τις δυνάσται, ἢ φυλάξαι ἑαυτὸν ἀπὸ τῆς τύτῃ δυνάμει. ὅπῃ γὰρ εἰμαρμένῃ οἱ ἀστέρες. κατὰ γὰρ ταύτῃ πάντα ἀποτελεῖσι τῇ φύσει καὶ τῇ ἀνθρώποις. “*Providence* (saies he) is an absolute, and perfect Counsel of the Heavenly God; to which there are Two Faculties cognate, *Necessity*, and *Fate*: Which *Fate* is at once subservient to *Providence*, and *Necessity*: And to *Fate*, the Stars are subject. For None may avoid the Power of *Fate*, or be hid from the Influence, and Command of the Stars. For the Stars are the Weapons of *Fate*; by whose direction, they finish, and conclude upon Men and Nature, whatsoever befalls them. And in this same foolish Ship, are at this day

day imbarqu'd (to the shame of their Christian Profession) our Common Astrologers.

Natural Fate, I call, An Order of *Naturall Causes*, which unless they are hindred, do by their Owne Nature produce alwaies One, and the same certain, Usual Effect. Aristotle held This; it we may beleive his Interpreter, *Alexander Aphrodisiensis*: and so did *Theophrastus*; who writes, τὸ ἐκ φύσεως εἶναι τὸ ἐκ φύσεως φύσιν, that Fate is Nothing, but the Nature of every Thing. According to these, that a Man begets a Man, is from Fate. that He dies, no Externall, Accessory Power intervening, but from Internall Causes, is from Fate. So on the other side, That a Man begets a Serpent, or a Monster, is besides Fate; and that he dies, either by the Sword, or Fire: An Opinion not much erring, because it does not adventure on, and reach at the Power, and Height of Fate: and who may not escape a Fall, that refuses to climbe? Such is Aristotle almost every where, in Divine matters; except in his Book, *De Mundo*; which is altogether refin'd, and seems to have proceeded from Another, and more Divine Breath. I read also farther in a Greek Author, that Aristotle was of opinion, that Fate was not a Cause, but an Accidental Mode to the Cause, in those things which proceeded from Necessity. The heart of a Philosopher! who durst seriously place Chance, and Fortune, among the Causes, but not Fate.

But leaving Him, I come to my Stoicks, (for I may not dissemble the Regard, and Love I beare that Sect) who were the Authors of Violent Fata: which I define, with Seneca, *Necessitatem rerum omnium, actionumque, quam nulla vis rumpat*: A Necessity of all things, and Actions, which no force can break off. Or, with Chrysippus,

Νῦν αὖτε πνευματικῷ, τὰς αὖτὴν οὖν πνευ-
 δονικῷ: A Spiritual Power, orderly governing
 this Universe. Which Definitions are not wide
 from the Truth, if they are wisely, and modestly
 taken: No more had Their whole Opinion, if
 the crooked Finger of the People had not long
 since condemn'd them. They charge them with
 two Crimes; first, That they subject God to the
 disposall of Fate: and next, The Internal Affi-
 ons of our Will. I may not over confidently clear
 Them of these Objections; for out of those few
 Writings of Theirs which remain to us, such Te-
 nents may be enforc'd, although in some places
 of them we may meet with more safe ones. Sene-
 ca, no meane Trumpet of that School, seemes to
 fall into the First Error, in that book (where
 he had least reason to do so) of Providence. Ea-
 dem necessitas, saies he, & Deos alligat: irrevocabi-
 lis, humana ac divina pariter vehit. Ille ipse omni-
 um Conditor ac rector scripsit quidem Fata, sed sequi-
 tur. Semper paret, semel iussit. "The same Ne-
 cessity (saies he) does bind even the Gods; and
 "that Irrevocable Decree does carry along with it
 "both Humane, and Divine things. He himself,
 "the Maker, and Ruler of all Things, did pre-
 "scribe, and dictate that Fate; but he followes it:
 "He once commanded It, He still obeyes It. And
 that Indissoluble Chaine, and Dependence of Cau-
 ses, to which They fasten All things, and Per-
 sons, does also, and not obscurely, seem to in-
 trench upon the Liberty of the Will.

But the true, genuine Stoicks did never open-
 ly avouch this Opinion; or, if any such Thing
 did in the heat of Disputation fall from them, 'tis
 more in their words, then in their Sense, and
 Meaning. Chrysippus himselve, who first corrupted,
 and enervated that Masculine Sect, with the In-

Intricate Niceties of Questions, presleth for the Freedome of the Will, in *Agellius*. Nor does Our *Seneca* subject God to Fate, (He was more advis'd) but, in a General Form, God to God. For, Those amongst them, which came nearest to Truth, understood by Fate, sometimes Providence, and sometimes God. And therefore *Zenn*, when he defined Fate to be, δύναμιν κατηχήν της ὕλης κατὰ πάντα, καὶ ὡσαύτως, A Power moving the matter according to the same respects, by the same manner; addes. ὡςτινα μὴ διάφορον, καὶ πρὸς νοῦν, καὶ φύσιν καλεῖν, Which you may call either Providence, or Nature. And *Chrysippus*, from the same Principles, calls it λόγον αἰδίου της προνοίας, The Eternal Decree of Providence: *Panætius* the Stoick διὸν ἀποφαίνει τοτὺν εἰμαρμένῳ, affirm'd, That God Himselfe was Fate. And so does *Seneca* more plainly: Quoties voles, tibi liceb aliter hunc auctorem rerum & naturarum compellare: & Iovem illum optimum ac Maximum rite dices, & Tonantem, & statorem; qui non, ut Historici tradiderunt, ex eo quod post votum susceptum acies Romanorum fugientium stitit; sed quod stant beneficio ejus omnia, stator, stabilitorque est. Hunc eundem & Fatum si dixeris, non mentieris: Nam cum Fatum nihil aliud sit, quam series implexa causarum; ille est prima omnium causa, ex qua cetera pendent.

" You may (saies he) at your choice call this
 " Author of Things and Natures, by severall Appella-
 " tions; you may lawfully stile him either, The
 " Best, and Greatest Jove; or, The Thunderer; or,
 " The Stayer: not for that reason which
 " Historians give; because after a Vow made to
 " him, He stayd the Army of the Romans then
 " flying; But, because by his Bounty, All things
 " abide and stay. It is no Errour also, to call
 " him, Fate: For, (Fate being nothing but a

“Continual series of Causes) He is the Principal Cause of All things, on which All the rest depend. Which last words are so piously spoken, that Calumny it self must approve them. Nor in this did Aristotle dissent from the Stoicks, in his Epistle to Alexander: οἷμα δὲ καὶ τὴν ἀνάγκην ἐκ ἄλλο τὸ λέγεσθαι, πλὴν τούτου, οἷον ἀκίνητον οὐσίαν. Εἰμαρμένην δὲ, διὰ τὸ ἐπιδεῖν τε, καὶ χωρεῖν ἀκολούτως. I conceive (saies he) that Necessity ought to be called nought else, but God; as a stable, Unchangable Essence; or Fate it self; because it continues, and fastens together all things; and is mov'd, and carryed on, without any Opposition. In which Expressions, if there be any thing Unadvised, there is yet nothing Impious; and being Candidly interpreted, will be found not to differ much from our True Fate. This Elogy I must freely give the Stoicks, That there was no Self that did more carefully vindicate, and ascribe to God His Majesty, and Providence; Nor, that with more Earnestnesse endeavour'd to draw Men up to Things Heavenly, and Eternal. And if They have at all stumbled in running this Fatal Course, 'twas nevertheless (I conceive) for a good end; That they might call away Blind Men from their Blind Goddesse, I mean Fortune; whose Name, as well as Deity, was exploded by Them.

CHAP. XIX.

The Fourth, True Fate, explain'd. Of Its Name. Its Definition. How It differs from Providence.

BUT of the Opinions of the *Ancients* I have spoken enough; for why should I over-subtly, and curiously search *τὰς ἐν ἄδου τελευτάδας*; the *Triacades in Death*? My businelle is with *True Fate*; Which I here call, *An Eternal Decree of Providence*, which can no more be separated, and taken off from amongst things, then *Providence* it selfe. Nor let any one quarrell at the Name; for the *Latine* affordes no other *Apellation* for it. Did the *Ancients* abuse It? Let us notwithstanding use It; and bringing It out of the *Prison* into which the *Stoicks* had condemn'd it, let us enlarge it into a freer Light.

Fatum, is deriv'd a *fando*; from speaking: Nor is it properly ought else, then *The Divine Sentence*, and *Injunction*; which is the self same thing we here meane by it. For, I define *True Fate*, either (with *Picus Mirandula*) *pendentem a divino consilio seriem, ordinemque causarum*: A *Series*, and *Order* of *Causes*, depending on the *Divine Counsel*: Or, in our Owne words, (though more *Obscure*, yet more *Subtile*,) *An Immoveable Decree of Providence*, inherent in these *Movable things*, which surely gives account of, and brings in every one of them, in its own determin'd *Order*, *Place*, and *Time*. I call it, *A Decree of Providence*, because I agree not altogether (for I must crave *Liberty* in the free pursuit of *Truth*) with those *Divines* of our *Time*, who confound *Providence*, and *Fate*, together, both in their

Name

Name, and Nature. I know it is a high, and rash presumption to endeavour to Comprize, and bound that *Super substantial, and Supercelestial Nature*, (God I meane,) and what ever pertaines to Him, in *Positive, Strickt Tearmes*: Yet according to our Humane Capacity, I persist to affirm, that *Providence*, properly call'd, is one thing, and *Fate* another. For I understand *Providence* to be, A Power in God of seeing, knowing, and governing all things: which Power I conceive *Universall, inseparate, assistant*, and (to speak with *Lucretius*) *Individually joyn'd*. But *Fate* seems to descend more to the *Things Themselves*, and to be more familiar, and conversant amongst them; being as 'twere a digestion, and determination of that large *Providence*, in several. So that *Providence* is in God, and onely attributed to Him; *Fate* is in *Things*, and ascrib'd to them. You guesse perchance, that I am over-nice, and do (as one saies) *ξύχεον τεύραν*, drill Millet: But I take this Distinction from the acception, and usage of it among the People; who usually say, *This hath hapned to Me by Good, or Ill Fate*; This is the *Fate of that Kingdome, or City*; which None will say of *Providence*. I say, None will, without Impiety, or Folly, thus bring downe *Providence* to the things themselves; I have therefore justly said, that *Providence* is in God. *Fate* also is from God; but appearing, and understood in the things. I adde further, that though *Providence* be not Naturally another thing from *Fate*; yet it seemes to be something Above, and Precedent to It: as we commonly affirm in Schooles, That the Sun excells Light; Eternity, Time; the Intellect, Reason. But (to enlarge my selfe no further) you see my reason of differencing Them, and retaining the Old Name, against the New

Senate of Teachers : For, those *Antient*, and *heretofore* *Conscript Fathers*, oppose not the use of this word, *Fate*, in a *genuine, sound* Notion. But to returne to the clearing my Definition; I call'd it an *Inherent Decree*; to shew, that *Fate* is found among those Things to which it comes, and not there, whence it is sent. I added, in *Moveable* Things; signifying, that though *Fate* it selfe be *Determin'd*, and *Immoveable*, yet not so as that it stay, and bind the *Nature*, and proper *Motion* in Things; but that it acts gently, and (without all compulsion) goes along with the *Temper*, and *Disposition* of every *Nature* : In *Causes* (I understand *second ones*) *Necessary*, *Necessarily*; in *Natural ones*, *Naturally*; in *Contingent*, *Contingently*. Therefore in respect of *Things themselves*, It infers no *Constraint* or *Violence*; but as every Thing is, by it's *Own Nature*, to do or suffer, so does it guide, and lead it on. But if you bring it back to its *Original*, *Providence*, and *God*, I must boldly affirm, All Things that are done by *Fate*, are *Necessarily* done. I added last of all, of the *Order*, *Place*, and *Time*, confirming what before I said; That *Providence* was of All Things taken together; *Fate*, by *Distribution*, was of *Particulars*. By *Order*, I understand a *Series*, and *Chaine* of *Causes*, which *Fate* defines: by *Place*, & *Time*, that wonderfull, and inexplicable *Power*, by which All Events are bound and enjoin'd, to certain *Circumscriptions* of *Place*, and *Moments* of *Time*. Is it *Tarquins Fate* to be expell'd his *Kingdome*? Let it be done; but, let the *Adultery* precede: you see the *Order*: That *Cesar* shall be slain? Be it so; but be it in the *Senate*, and before the *Statue of Pompey*: you see the *Place*. That *Domitian* shall be murder'd by his servants? It shall be done; and in that very *howr*, which He in vain declin'd, the *Fifth*; you see the *Time*.

Chap.

CHAP. XX.

Its Difference from the Stoicks Fate in four respects. That It does not at all enioyne, or offer Violence to the Will. That God is neither an Assistant to Evill, nor the Author of It.

DO you fully apprehend this, or do you want a clearer Light? I, (shaking my my Head,) a clearer, *Langius*, (said I) a clearer; or you will for ever leave me in this Night. For, what meanes this subtle, choyce Thread of Distinctions? These *Deceits*, and *Snares of Questions*? I was fearing some *Stratagem*, and those your *Wary Terms* I apprehended as so many *Enemies*. *Langius* smiling, But be Confident (said he) there's no *Hannibal* here; nor are you betray'd into an Ambush, but led on to a Refuge. I'll afford you *Light*, so you will but tell me where 'tis, and to what part you are *Blind*. There, (said I) where you talke of *Force*, and *Necessity*; for I do not conceive any difference betwixt your *Fate*, and that of the *Stoicks*. For though you have excluded it in words, and kept it out (as they say) at the Gate, you seeme to admit it in at the Back-door.

Far be it from me, (*Lipſius*) said He; I would not, so much as in my Dreames, introduce that *Fate* of the *Stoicks*; Nor call up againe those *Old Women*, (the *Destinies*) long since departed: I bring in a modest, Pious *Fate*, which differs from That of the *Stoicks* these Four waies. They subject God to *Fate*; for *Jupiter Himself* in Ho-

mer, though he earnestly endeavour'd it, could not free his *Sarpedon* from Captivity : But Wee bring it under to God, whom Wee acknowledge to be the *Freest* and most *Independant* Agent; and, who at his pleasure can *pass* over, or *break through* all those intricate *Strengths*, and *Powers* of *Fate*. They constitute a *Perpetual*, *Constant Series* of *Natural Causes*, passing on from *Eternity* : We deny, either that *Naturall Causes* move on quietly *alwaies*; (for, God oftimes causes *Miracles*, and *Prodigies*, besides, and against *Nature*;) Or, that they have so held on from *Eternity*; since *Second Causes* are not *Eternal*, their *Beginnings* being with the *World*. Thirdly, they seem to take away *Contingency* from *Things*; We restore it: And, as often as the *second Causes* are so, Wee admit *Contingency*, and *Accident* in *Events*. Lastly, they seem to offer *Violence* to the *Will*, which is far from Us; who both *acknowledge Fate*, and *reconcile* It with the *Freedom* of the *Will*. For We so avoid the deceitfull gust of *Chance*, and *Fortune*, that we do not yet force our ship on the *Rock* of *Necessity*. Is there *Fate*? That *Fate* is the *First Cause*; which is so far from removing the *Second* and *Subordinate ones*, that It acts not but *Ordinately*, and (for the most part) by them: And amongst those *Second Causes* is *Thy Will*; which thou mayst not beleive, that God will either enforce, or leave out. Here's all the Error, and wonder in this Question; No Man knowes, or thinks, that he wills, what *Fate Wills*; and yet, that he *wills freely*.

But, That God that created All Things, employes, those Things without the *Destruction* of them; and as the *First Heaven* does so carry about the *Inferiour Orbs*, that it does not yet stop, or offend Their *Own Motion*; So God by the Pow-

er of Fate disposes All Things, but disorders not their Own Natures and Operations. Is it *His will* that Trees and Fruit shall grow? They grow, without any Compulsion, *Naturally*: That Men should deliberate, and choose? They deliberate, *without a Law*; and choose by their *Own Free-will*: and yet *that*, which They intend to choose, He foresaw from Eternity: But He foresaw it only, He did not prescribe it; He knew it, He did not command it; He foretold it only; He did not enjoin it. Why do our *Curios* stumble here? Vaine Men! I do not any where discover a greater Evidence, and assurance of Truth; but that those factious, wanton Minds, infected with the Itch of wrangling, and disputing, are alwaies urging Themselves to it. For, (say they) If God foresaw that I should sin, and his *Pre-vision* cannot be deceived; How can it otherwise be, but that I sin *Necessarily*? I confesse 'tis *necessarily* (*Necessitate sequela*) by a Necessity of Consequence: but not in respect of your Mind, since your own Free will *intervenes*: For, he foresaw that you should offend the *same Way* which He foresaw; But He foresaw that you should offend *Freely*: you sin therefore *Freely*. Is it clear enough yet? But (they urge again) God is the *Author* of all *Motions* in us. I grant it, the *Common Author*; but the *cherisher*, and *Abettour* only of the *Good Ones*. Art thou endeavouring a *Vertuous Action*? He knowes it, and *assists* it: A *Vitious one*? he knowes it, and *permits* it: Nor is there any fault here to be charg'd upon *Him*. I ride a tyr'd, lame Horse, and endeavour to make him go; that Endeavour is from Me; the *Lameness* is from the Horse. I strike an *Instrument* that's out of *Tune*, and *false-strung*; you cannot justly say, that I am the *Cause* of those discords,
but

but the *Instrument*. The Earth feedes all Trees, and Plants, with one *Common* Juyce: and yet some of these bring forth *Wholesome* Fruits; and Others, *Poysons*. Is this from the *Earth*, or from the different *Vertue* of the *Plants*, which *assimilates*, and *betraies* the *Good* *Nourishment* into its *Own*e *Poyson*? 'Tis the same here; 'tis from *God*, that you are mov'd; but 'tis from *your selfe*, that that *Motion* *finnes*. But, to conclude my discourse of this *Liberty*; *Fate* is as 'twere the *Presultor*, and leades the *Cord* in this *Masque* of the *World*; But so; that *Our Parts* are to be acted too, of *Willing*, or *Resisting*; but not further, of *Effecting*. For, 'tis onely a *Will* that's left to *Man*, by which he does *repine*, and endeavour a *resistance* against the *Will* of *God*, but not a *Power* to perfect that *Endeavour*. As, in a *Ship*, I may walke either *athwart*, or *contrary* to its *Course*; but this weak *Motion* shall prevail nothing against its *Way*. So in this *Fatal Ship*, in which we are all imbarqu'd, though our *Wills* bend *hither*, or *thither*, They cannot either *divert*, or *stay* Its *Course*: for, That *Supream*e *Will* will alwaies hold the *Reines*, and command the *Chariot* to it owne *Race*.

CHP. XXI.

The Conclusion of the Discourse about Fate. That it is Subtile, and Dangerous; not curiously to be pry'd into. A Serious Exhortation, to strengthen, and support our Minds, from the Consideration of Necessity.

BUT I hast from these Rockes, and steere about from this *Charybdis*, on which so many have perish'd. I see here the Wrecke of *Cicero*, who had rather deny *Providence*, then abate any thing of the *Freedom* of the *Will*; so That while he made Men Free, (as the Bishop of *Hippo* said Elegantly) He made them *Sacrilegious*. How many at this day are engag'd in this Sea, & at length swallow'd up by the Waves of Disputations? By whose dangers (*Lipsius*) we being warn'd, let us quietly coast the shore, and not hazard our selves too far, among the *Depths* of this *Ocean*. *Euclid*, being once ask'd many things concerning the Gods, answer'd well: *Other things I know not; but this I know, that they hate the Curious*. Think the same of *Fate*; which Will be beheld, but not pry'd into; believ'd, but not known. 'Tis *Bias's*, I think: *μαὶ δὲὼν λέγε, ὡς εἶσι*. Of the Gods, say, that they are. Which we may better transfer to *Fate*; of which I advise you, That 'tis enough, if you know It to Be; and as for the *waies* of It, 'tis no En to be *Ignorant*.

That of it properly, which belongs to our
Sparta

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Sparta, (for from this crooked, entangled Path I now return again to our Old beaten way,) is, that you believe There is a *Necessity*, which drives on, and enforces these *Publick Evils*; and from this *Peremptory Necessity*, derive some Comfort to your Griefe. What is it to Thee, (Vaine Man,) to enquire Curiously of the *Freedom*, or *Servitude* of thy *Actions*? Of thy *Compell'd*, or *ease-following Will*? Wretch! Thy *Syracuse* is taken, and Thou art trifling in the *Dust*: *Warre* is about Thee, *Tyranny*, *Slaughters*, *Death*; All which are certainly sent from *Above*, and doe not all fall under the *Command* and *choyce* of thy *Will*: Thou maist *fear*, but not *shun* them; *fly* from them, but not *escape* them. Arme thy selfe then against them, and take this *Fatal Weapon*, which will not onely wound, but *destroy* thy Griefes. And, as if you slightly touch a *Nettle*, it *stinges* you; but if hard, you *bruise* it: So does the *Asperity* of your Griefe *encrease* upon you, if you apply *gentle Remedies*; but *gives back*, if you urge *forcible ones*. And Nothing is more Able, then *Necessity*; whose onely First Charge will scatter, and disperse these Weak Forces. What does thy Griefe *aim* at? There's no place for it among those Things, which not onely *may*, but *ought* to happen. What would thy *Complainings* have? Thou mayst *strive*, and *quarrel* with the *yoake*, but canst not *cast* it off.

Desine fata Deum flecti sperare querendo.

The decrees, the Gods once seal,
Thy *Complainings* can't repeal.

There is no other *Evasion* of *Necessity*, then to wil what it *Injoynes*. That Excellent Wise Man, *Epictetus*, said excellently: *Ανικντο τιναι σναιοντ*,
idv

ἐὰν μὴ δὴνα ἀγῶνα καταβαίῃ, ὅν ἐκ ἔστιν ἐπὶ σοὶ
νικῆσαι: Thou mayst be *Victorious*, if Thou ne-
ver enter that *Combat*, where tis *Impossible* for thee
to *Vanquish*. And such a *Conflict* is that with
Necessity; whom whoever undertakes, *fall*s in
the *Enterprise*; and (which is more a won-
der) He was *Vanquish'd* before the *Fight*.

CHAP. XXII.

*A Pretence for Sloth, and Negligence;
usually drawn from Fate: Its detecti-
on. Fate acts by Second Causes; and
therefore they not to be Idle. How farre
wee are to helpe our Country; and, when
to leave it. The Close of the First Dis-
course.*

AN D here *Langius* pausing a little, I cheer-
fully broke out; If the Wind any long-
er thus fill the Sail, I shall quickly attain
the Haven; for, I dare follow God, I dare
obey *Necessity*; and am able to say with
Euripides.

Θύομαι ἂν αὐτῷ μᾶλλον, ἢ θυμέμενός
Πρὸς κύνεσσι λακίσσομαι, θνητὶς ἄνθρωπος.

*Ile rather sacrifice, then enrag'd with God,
Kick 'gainst the pricks, and, Mortal, dare his Rod.*

But, there is One Way that yet troubles Mee;
which I desire, *Langius*, you would calme. For ,
if

if these *Publick Evils* are from *Fate*, and can neither be vanquish'd, nor avoyded; Why are wee any longer *Careful* for our Country? Why do not we commit *All* to that Great, *Inevitable Guide*, and sit down with our hands *folded*? (as they say) For, you grant that *All* *Designe*, and *Power* is *successesleße* against *Fate*. By *Contumacy*, or *Perverseness*, *Young Man*, (saies *Langins*) you swerve from the *Truth*. Is this to *obey Fate*; or to *contemne*, and *illude* it? I will sit (you say) with my *Hands* clos'd: I wish you had done so with your *Lips*! For, who ever told you, that *Fate* acted *singly*, without the *Auxiliary, Subordinate Causes*? Is it *Fate* that you shall have *Children*? But not without *Generati-on*: That you shall *recover* from your *sicknesse*? But you must attend *Remedies* then, and the *Physician*. 'Tis the same here; If *Fate* will, that this *distress'd, indanger'd Ship* of thy Country shall *escape*; It wills also, that you *assist* to its *Preservati-on*: If you will attain the *Haven*, you must *hoys* your *Sailes*, and *apply* your *Oares*; and not idly *gape* for a *Wind* from *Above*. On the other side; If *Fate* will, that thy Country shall *perish*, Those Things shall be ordain'd by *Fate*, that bring on its *Fall* in an *Ordinary Way*. The *Commons* shall be at *variance* with the *Peers*, and among *Themselves*; No *Man* shall know how to *Obey*, nor *None* to *Rule*: Men's *Tongues* shall be *Active*, and *Valiant*; but they shall all give off, when it comes to *Action*: And to conclude, there shall be neither *Counsell*, nor *Honour*, in the *Commanders* themselves. *Velleius* said well: *Ineluctabilis Fatorum vis, cujus fortunam mutare constituit, consilia corrumpit*. The *inevitable Power* of *Fate* corrupts their *Counsell*s whose *state* it intends to *change*. And again: *Quippe ita res ha-*

habet, ut plerumque qui fortunam mutaturus est deus, consilia corrumpat; efficiatque, quod est miserrimum, ut quod accidit, etiam merito accidisse videatur: "It comes to passe for the most part, that God "perverts their Counsells, whose Fortune he is "altering, and makes (which is the greatest unhappinesse) that Calamity, which befales them, "appear to have been *their Own Designe*. You must not yet too rashly conclude, that, the *last great Fate, and Change* of your Country is hastning upon it; For, who told you so? And, how came you to know, whither this be onely some *slight Distemper* of it, or a *Sicknesse to Death*? Assist her therefore; and, while this Patient hath yet *Breath*, (as they say) *Hope!* But if you perceiv by clear, and Undeniable *Symptomes*, that the *Fatal Change* approaches; if I may advise you, you shall conclude, *μὴ διαμαχεῖν*, Not to fight against God. And I may safely commend here the example of Solon; who, when *Pisistratus* had taken *Athens*, and he saw all endeavour for Liberty would be *vaine*, laying down his *Target, and Armes*, at the doors of the *Curia*, O my Country, (said he) I have ayded thee, with the *uttermost*, both of my *Counsels*, and *Actions*: and so went home, to sit down for the future. Do thou do so; Yield to God, Yield to the *Time*; and, if thou art a good Citizen, reserve thy self for *better, and gentler Fates*. That Liberty which hath *now* perished, may again revive; and thy Country, *now* fall'd, may hereafter Rise again. Why dost Thou rashly let fall, and forgo thy Courage? Of those two *Consuls* at *Cannæ*, I esteeme *Varro* the Greater, that fled; then *Paulus*, that fell. And so did the Senate, and People of *Rome*; who gave him Publick Thanks, *That He had not despair'd of the Commonwealth*. But

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But, whither thy Country totter, or fall; whither It languish onely, or wholly perish; do not too much regard it: But put on that high Spirit of *Crates*; who, when *Alexander* ask'd him, if he could wish his Country (*Thebes*) were restor'd again; To what end, (saies he) When another *Alexander* may again ruine it? Thus Men, and Sages speake.

— — — — — ἄλλα δ' ἔμπερ
 Ἐν θυμῷ κατακείσθαι εἰσάσθαι ἀχρύνεσθαι περ.
 Οὐ γάρ τις πρῆξις πλεονεχέει χρυσέοιο γόοιο.

Quiet thy wounded Breast: for, what relieve
 Can be expected from thy cold, dul Griefe?

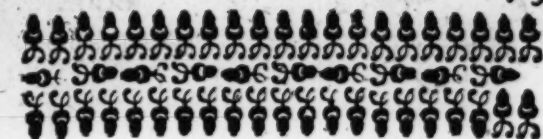
as *Achilles* well advis'd in *Homer*. For otherwise, as *Creon* in the Fable, embracing his Daughter in the fire, free'd Her not; but onely accompanied her Fate: So, *Lipsius*, Thy Teares shall sooner consume Thy self, then quench this Publick fire of the *Netherlands*.

While *Langius* was speaking, the doores open'd; and a Boy, sent from *Levinus Torrentius*, came to tel us 'twas supper time. *Langius*, as one awak'd, how our Discourse (saies he) hath shortned the Time! And with that rising, and pulling me; Let's go, *Lipsius*, (said he) to this my wish'd Supper. Let's rather sit; (said I) for to me this is beyond all (other) food; which I may justly call, with the *Grecians*, *Δεῖπνον θεῶν*, A Banquet of the Gods; where I alwaies hunger, and can nere be satisfied. But *Langius* compell'd Me; Let's now (said he) performe our Promise; to morrow, if you wil, wee I finish our Sacrifice to Constancy.

7

Exposition

by



A DISCOURSE OF CONSTANCY.

The Second Book.

· C H A P. I.

*The Occasion of renewing the Discourse:
the going to Langius his Gardens. Their
Commendation.*



THE next day it pleased *Langius* to
carry Me to his Gardens; which
with much cost, and industry,
were planted in two places; One,
on a Hill, opposite to his House;
and the Other, in a lower place,
by the *Mase*,

*Quod per amœnam urbem leni fuit agmine
flumen.*

Whose smooth and easie Tides
Softly by the City Slide.

Commings therefore into my Chamber early in
the

the morning; shall we walk, *Lippus*, (said he) or had you rather take your ease, and rest your self? Walke (said I:) so it be with you: But whither shall we go? If you will, (said he) to my Gardens by the waters side; 'tis not far thither; you shall exercise your Body by it, see the City, and in this great heat enjoy the benefit of the coole Aire. With all my heart; said I:) no way can be tedious in your company, though 'twere to the farthest *Indies*. And with this, taking our cloakes, we departed.

Being entred the Garden, and casting my Eyes round about it, wondring at the curious Elegance of it; My Father, (said I) what pleasantnesse, what lustre have you here? 'Tis a Heaven, *Langius*, not a Garden; Nor do those Fires above shine out fairer, in a cleare, open Night, then do these (as they) bright, and darting Flowers. Let none any more remember the Gardens of *Alcinous*, or *Adonis*, so far beneath, and after These. And with this being come somewhat nearer, and looking on, and smelling some of them; which should I rather wish, (said I) to be All Eye, with *Argus*; or all Nose, with *Catullus*? the delight so equally engaging, and dividing both Senses? Hence all yee Arabian Odours, which distast onely, and urge the Sense, when compar'd with this perfect, and truly Heavenly Breath. *Langius* gently wringing my hand; To prevent (said he) *Lippus*, any further commendation, neither I, nor this my Country Flora, dare owne so subtile, & smart a praise. I reply'd; 'Tis yet a true one, *Langius*. Do you think I trifle, and jest with you? I speak seriously, and from my heart; The *Elysian Fields* are lesse so, then these Your Gardens. For, see what a Comelineesse, and Proportion there is every where; how fitly

fitly all things are dispos'd in their own Beds, and Borders, like the exact Checquerings, and Inlayings of a Pavement! What plenty of Herbs and Flowers! What *Rarity*, and Strangeness of them! that Nature may seem to have call'd hither into this little place, whatsoever this *Our* World hath excellent, or the *Other*.

C H A P. II.

The Praise of Gardens in generall: That the Delight taken in them is Ancient, and from Nature. Kings and other Famous Men addicted to them. The Pleasures of them.

AND truly, *Langius*, this your delight in Gardens is Commendable; a Pleasure, to which (if I am not deceiv'd) the Best, and most Ingenuous Men are inclin'd by *Nature*: which I am induc'd to beleive from this, That you cannot readily point out any other delight, in which the *Choyce* among All Nations, in All Ages, have so willingly consented. If you search the *Scriptures*, you shall find *Gardens* and the *World made together*; which God himself bestow'd on the first Man, for a Dwelling, as the only place fit for a *Blessed Life*. If you look in *Profane Stories*, *Proverbs*, and *Fables* every where there tell us of the *Gardens of Adonis*, *Alcinous*, *Tantalus*, and the *Hesperides*. And in *True Histories*, you shall find *Cyrus's* Orchards, planted with his *Own* Hand; the high-built, lofty *Gardens of Semiramis*; and *Masiniſſa's* famous, and unusuall Plat, which *Africa* wondred at. Amongst the *Ancient*

Greeks, and Romans, how many eminent persons can I name you, who, laying by *Other Cares*, attended only this? Amongst those, (in a word) how many *Philosophers*, and *Sages* were there, who being releas'd from the Tumult, and Madnesse of the *Forum*, and the *City*, enclos'd themselves within the *Quieter Bounds* of their *Gardens*? Among these, I see *Tarquin* walking, and cutting off the *Poppy Heads*; *Cato* the *Censour*, applying himself to this study, and *Vouchsafing* a *Traët* of it; *Luculus*, after his *Asiatique Victories*, resting himself here; *Sulla*, weary of his *Dictatorship*, here more contentedly grows *Aged*; and *Diocletian*, though a *Prince*, preferring his *Sallads* and *Lete* at *Salona*, before his *Purple* and *Scepter*. Nor did the *Common People* dissent from the judgement of these their *superiours*; amongst whom the *Clearer*, and more *abstracted Spirits*, free from *Faction*, and *troublesome Ambition*, were generally thus addicted. For certainly there is a *secret Bent*, and *Inclination*, born with us, (whose proper causes I may not easily give) which induces, and winnes over to this *Innocent* and *Ingenuous Pleasure*, not onely *Us*, who already seem to *propend*, and give that way; but those more *severe*, and *stubborn Natures*, which *draw back*, and *scott* at it. And as none look upon the *Heavens*, and those *Eternall Fires*, without an inward kind of *Horror*, and *Religion*; no more do any behold these *Sacred Treasures* of the *Earth*, nor the *beautifull wealth* of this *Lower World*, without a *secret Sense*, and *Evidence of Delight*. Ask your *Soul*, and your *Mind*; 'twill tell you, that it is *taken*, nay *cherish'd*, and *fed* with this *Beauty*. Enquire of your *Eyes*, and your whole *sente*; 'twill confesse, there's no place, where it would more willingly *acquirse*, and *rest it selfe*,
then

then amongst these Banks, and Beds of Gardens.

Look about, and observe the severall *Growths* and *Ages* of the Flowers! See That, now newly *disclos'd* without the *Leafe*; This, *breaking* from the *Bud*; That other, *ripened*, and put forth beyond them Both; See this suddainly *dying*, and Another *succeeding* him! To conclude, observe in any one kind of them the *Beauty*, *Forme*, and *appearance*, a thousand wayes *diverse*, and *the same*. What *Mind* is so rigid, which will not here *return* a while upon *Itself*, and *withdraw* into some *soft*, lovely *Meditation*? Let the curious *Eye* be admitted, and dwell a while upon those bright, *daz'ling Colours*, and even *Glances* of the *Flower*; look upon this *Native Purple*, this *Blood*, that *Ivory*, that *Snow*, this *Flame*, that *Gold*; and so many *Colours*, which the *pencill* may *emulate*, but nere *expresse*. To conclude, what a *subtile Odour* and *Spirit* exhales there! and (I know not what) Part of the *Heavenly Air*, breath'd down from Above! So that not in vain our Poëts have fain'd, that Flowers are born from the *Juice*, and *Bloud* of the *Immortal Gods*. O the *true fountain* of *Joy*, and perfect *Pleasure*! O the *only seat* of *Venus*, and the *Graces*! May my time ever pass away amongst your *Shades*! May it be lawfull for Me, being deliver'd from the *Wild*, *endless Tumults* of the *People*, with a free, satisfy'd *Eye*, to wander among these *Flowers*, of the *knowne*, and *unknown World*! Sometimes to behold This *beginning*, and the *Other fading*; and, with a *wandering kind* of *deceit*, to be *depriv'd* and *cousen'd* of all my *Cares*, and *Labours*.

CHAP. III.

*Against some Curious people, who abuse
their Gardens to Vanity, and Sloth;
Their proper use: Places fit onely for
Wise, and Learned Men: Wisedome
bred up, and cherish'd there.*

Having spoken this somewhat earnestly, with a voyce and gesture suitable; *Langius* looking mildly towards me; you love, I see *Lipſius* (ſaid he) this gay and purple Nymph; but I feare that you love her immodestly. For you commend Gardens; but ſo, as that you ſtay upon, and admire onely ſome vain and external pleaſure in them; but the true and lawfull Joyes you paſſ by. For, you look greedily on the Colours only, and ſeem to be fully ſatisfied, and Happy among the Knots and Borders; and enquire out the rarer Flowers of the Known, and Unknowne World. But to what end is this? To diſcover your ſelf to me, to be one of the Sect of thoſe idly curious people of theſe daies, who make this Beſt, & moſt harmeleſſ Delight the Inſtrument of two Vices, Vanity, and Sluggiſhneſſ: For to this end they have their Gardens. They carefully get together ſome few ſtrange, forraign Hearbs and Flowers; and when they have them, do as paſſionately cheriſh and attend them, as a Mother does her Sonne. Theſe are They, whoſe letters are ſent into *Thrace*, *Greece* and *India*, onely for ſome ſmall Seed or Clove: who take the death of one of theſe New Flowers more to heart, then of one of their Old friends. Who ere laught at that *Romane*, who put himſelfe in Mourning for the death

death of his *Fish*, may at these too, who are as sensible of one of their *Roots*. And when by chance one of these of *Flora's* Servants hath got any rarer, or more exquisite Plant, how he boasts it! and how his other Rivals envy his happiness! Some of whome go sadder home, then heretofore *Sulla*, or *Marcellus* did, when being *Candidates* for the *Prætorship*, they were put by it. What shall I call this, but a ridiculous *Madness*; like that of Children quarrelling about their *Play-games*? And what is it, that these do in their Gardens? They onely sit, walke, gaze, and sleep; as if they intended their Gardens, not for a *Retirement* and place of *Secession*; but for a *Sepulcher* of their *Sloth*. A Prophane Race! & whom I may justly remove from the *Orgies* of my True, & more *Sacred* Garden; which I know to be dedicated to *Modest Pleasure*, but not to *Vanity*; to *Ease*, not to *Sloth*. Shall I be so light, and uncertain, that a rarer *Hearb*, whether got, or lost, shall make me *Happy*, or *Miserable*? No! I esteeme things at their own *Inward Rates*; and abstracting from those Arts, and Advantages of *Novelty*, I know them to be but *Herbs*, and *Flowers*; that is, *sudden*, and *Fading* Things; of which the Prince of Poets hath said fitly,

Ζεφύειν πνέισα τὰ μὲν φύει, ἄλλα δὲ πύπτει.

One soft Air, kissing these flowers, breaths a Spring;
But over those, Paleness, and Age does sling:

I do not then despise these Elegancies, and Beauties, (as you see) but *I thus* differ from those tender people, in that as I get these things *without Anxiety*, so I keep them, and so I loose them.

Nor am I so stupid, or dead, that I should hide, or bury my selfe among these shades ; for even in this *Retirement*, and *Secession*, I finde *Businesse*; and my Mind is rais'd to something, which it may performe, without *Action*; and finish, without *Labour*. *Nunquam minus solus sum* (said he) *quam cum solus: nunquam minus otiosus, quam cum otiosus*. " I am never lesse alone, then *when alone* ; " Never lesse at leasure, then *when so*. An excellent saying ! and which, I dare affirm, was borne in these very *Gardens* ; which are intended for the *Mind*, not the *Body* ; to recreate *That* ; not to soften, and corrupt *This*; and for a secure Retreat from *People*, and *Businesse*. Are men tedious to you ? Here you shall be *with your selfe*. Hath Employment exhausted you ? Here you shall be fill'd again; where your mind shall be satisfyed with its own food, *Quiet*, and *Rest*; and where, from this purer Aire, you shall renew your self, and take in another Breath. If you look therefore on the *Old Sages* hertofore, they dwelt in *Gardens*; on the Learned, and Knowing Spirits of *Our Times*, They are delighted in *Gardens*; and in Them, those *Divine Pieces* are form'd, which *Mankind* wonders at, and which no *Race*, nor *Measure* of Time shall ere abolish. To this green *Lyceum* we owe so many Disputations about *Nature*: to this Shady, retir'd *Academy*, those *Dissertations* about *Manners*: And from out of the *Recesses* of these *Gardens*, those abundant Fountaines of *Wisdom* breake forth, whose rich Inundations have fill'd the World. For the *Mind* does raise, and advance it selfe, to *Higher*, and *Farther* Endeavours, when free, and at large, She beholds her owne Heaven, then when she is enclos'd, and hindred within the Prison of a *House*, or *City*. Here, you Poets frame an *Enduring Verse*.
Here

Here, let the Learned *meditate*, and *write*. Here you Philosophers talke of *Tranquillity*, of *Constancy*, of *Life*, and *Death*. See, *Lippsius*, the true use, and End of Gardens; *Rest*, *Secession*, *Meditation*, *Reading*, *Writing*; and all these by way of Recreation onely, and Release. As Painters, who by a long intention have *dimmd* and *wearied* their Sight, do renew againe, and quicken it, by calling it off to some kind of *Glasses*, and *green Objects*; so do Wee, our Mind, when either *tyr'd*, or *affected*. And why should I conceale my Custome from you? Doe you see that Arbour, set out with *Topiary Worke*? 'Tis the place I have consecrated to the *Muses*; 'tis my *School of Wisdome*. There, I either satisfie my Mind with *Reading*, or plant it with the seedes of good *Meditations*. And as Armes are laid up in a *Magazine*; so doe I, from them, store up Precepts in my Mind, which are alwaies ready by mee, against every *Impresson*, and *Danger* of Fortune. When ere I enter *there*, I command all *abject*, *servile Cares away*; and as much as I may, with an *Ereft*, *Freed Mind*, I despise the Studies, and Aimes of the *Profane Vulgar*, and this great *Vacuity*, and *Emptinesse* in the Affaires of Men. Me thinkes, I wholly put off Man, and am carried up *beyond Him*, in the fiery Chariot of *Wisdome*. Do you think it troubles Me, what the *French*, or *Spaniards* are plotting? who *keepe*s, or who *loses* the Scepter of *Belgia*? That the Tyrant of *Asia* threatens us by *Land*, or by *Sea*? Or to conclude,

*Quid sub Arcto
Rex gelida meditetur ora?*

What neare the Pole, under those colder Lines,
The prince of the last, Frozen Zone designs ?

None of these. Guarded, and secur'd against
any thing *External*, I am bounded with *My selfe* ;
Carelesse of all Things, but this *One* ; That I
may submit this my Mind, tam'd, and broken ,
to *Right Reason*, and *God* ; and all other Hu-
mane Things to *my Mind* : that whensoever that
Last, and *my Fatal day* shall come , I may abide
It, with a *Compos'd*, quiet appearance ; and leave
this Life, not as *Banish'd*, but *set at Liberty*. These
are my *Imaginations*, *Lipsius* ; These, the *Fruits*,
and *Wealth* of my *Gardens* : which I will not
change (whilst in my own Mind) for all the
Persians, or the *Indians* Treasure.

CHAP. IV.

*An Exhortation to Wisedome : Con-
stancy acquired by Her. An Admoni-
tion to induce those serious Studies of
Philosophy, to those more pleasant,
Liberall Ones.*

AND here he ended. But these last, so
High, and secure Resolutions did (I con-
fess) almost astonish me : but recovering
my selfe again, O happy Man (said I) both in
your *Cares*, and *Rest* ; whose life seemes more
than Humane ! Which , O that I might in any
measure imitate , and creep along after these
footsteps, though at a large distance ! *Langius* ,

(as reprehending Me) *Imitate*, saies he : *Nay* *exceel*: Nor have you Right here, onely to *follow*, but to *leade*. For, in this Path of *Constancy*, and *Virtue*, Wee have made but a small progresse, (*Lipsius*) being not as yet Equall to *Good*, and *Valiant* Tempers; but onely a little Firmer, and more assur'd (*perchance*) then those Notoriously *Bad*, and *Loose* ones. But thou, whole Youthfull Inclinations are *high*, and *apt*, prepare Thy selfe, and enter this way by my direction; which will bring you to *Firmnesse*, and *Constancy*. The way, which I speak of, is *Wisdom*; whose even, calme Track I exhort you no longer to decline. Hath *Learning* hitherto delighted you, and those *Nine Goddesses*? I approve it; For I know the Mind ought first to be *substed*, and *qualified* with this more *pleasing*, and *External Knowledge*; being unfit before, that those *Divine Seeds* should be committed to it. But I do not approve you, if you *stay*, and be *contented* here, and make this both the *Beginning*, and *End* of your Studies. These ought to be our *Materials*, not our *Worke*; our *Way*, not our *Goale*. At a *Feast*, you would not (I believe) make your *Meale* upon the *Quelkehouses*, or *Junkets* onely; but would take in some *firmer*, and more *Nourishing Meats*: And in this publick *Banquet of Learning*, why do you not the same; to these choyce *Cates of Poets*, and *Orators*, adding this firmer food of *Philosophy*? For (mistake me not) I would not have those taken away, but these serv'd in too; and those cold, and (by themselves) meaner *Nymphs Temper'd*, and heightened with this (as I may call it) severer *Bacchus*. *Penelope's Suiters* were justly laught at in *Homer*; who, deserting Her, courted her *Maides*. Take heede you do not the same; who despairing of that

Regent of Things, cast your selves away upon her *Handmaids*. 'Tis a lovely Character, to attain that, of a *Learned* man; it's far better yet, to be a *Wise* man; but the *highest*, and *utmost* Commendation is, to be a *Good* man. Let us aim hereafter at *these*; and after all our Paines and Studies, endeavour not onely to *Know*, but to be *Wise*, and *Do*.

Ὀὐκ ἐστὶν ἡ γνώσις, ἀλλὰ καὶ τὸ εὖ ποιεῖν;

How vaine's that Knowledge, where
No Wisdome does appear?

Saies the Old, and True Verse. How many are there in this our assembly of the *Muses*, who disgrace Themselves, and the very name of Learning? Some because *Loose*, and *Dissolute*; others, because they are *Vain* and *Giddy*, *Meteors* onely? Do they learn *Languages*? Yes; but *Onely* those Languages. Doe they understand *Greek*, and *Latine* Authors? But, they do but *Understand* them: And as *Anacharsis* said well heretofore of the *Athenians*, that *They us'd Mony*, onely to tell it; so do these *Knowledge*, onely that they may know. But of their *Lives* and *Actions*, they have so little regard, that they have given a pretence to that *Calumny* against Learning, as if 'twere the *Mistresse* of *Vice*; when It's the onely Necessary guide to *Virtue* (lawfully us'd) if you induce *Wisdom* to It: to which these kinds of *other Learning* ought to prepare our Minds, but not to seize upon them, and detain them to themselves. For, as some Trees beare no fruit, unlesse they are planted by other *Male* ones, (as we may call them) No more doe these *Virgins*, unlesse joyn'd with the *Masculine* strength.

strength of *Wisdom*. To what End dost thou correct *Tacitus*, and let alone the *Errours* of thy *Own* Life? Why dost thou explain *Tranquillus*, when thou dost not understand thy selfe? So carefully expunge faults out of *Plautus*, and yet suffer'st thy *Mind* to lie overgrown, and Neglected? Put on at length *Better Cares*; and acquire Learning which may not be for shew, and *Noyse* onely, but for Use. Pursue *Wisdom*; which may *Reforme* thy *Manners*; *Quiet*, and enlighten thy *Perplex'd*, and *Dark* Soule. For, *Shee* onely 'tis, that can imprint *Virtue*, and *Constancy* in thee: 'tis *Shee* alone, that can raise up within thee the *Temple* of a good *Mind*.

CHAP. V.

Wisdom not acquir'd by wishing, but Endeavour. *The Discourse* of *Constancy* renew'd. *The Desire* of *Knowledge* a happy *Presage* in a *Young Man*.

THIS Admonition inflam'd Mee; which, not dissembling, My *Mind* followes you already, (Father) said I; when will it be, that my *Actions* shall? When shall that *Day* appear, which releasing Mee from these *Cares*, shall place Mee in the *Path* of *True Wisdom*? *Langius*, as blaming Me, Do you then (said he) rather *Wish*, then *Ask*? to no purpose at all, as the *Common People* use to do. For you shall not (as *Cæneus* in the *Fable*, who of a woman, by desiring it, became a *Man*) find any alteration, or
amen.

amendment in your selfe, from a *fool*, onely by *Wishing* you were a *Wise Man*: Or, from a *Wave-
ring*, *Unsettled* one, by *having a Mind* onely to be
a *Constant* one. You must labour for it, and *assist*
(as they say) with *Minerva*; *Seek, Reade, & learn.*
I interrupting him; I know it, *Langius*; (said I:)
but do *Tou* also afford your Assistance; and con-
tinue the thread of our yesterdaies Discourse,
which your Invitation unhappily broke off. Re-
turn againe to *Constancy*, whose intermitted
Rights 'twill be sinne to deferre any longer. *Lar-
gius* (as refusing) shall I again (said he) be
pent up in that School? I may not suffer it;
especially in this Place, which I have devoted
to *Recreation*, not to *Businesse*: wee will finish
that course some other time. Nay, Now; (said
I) For what place can be fitter for a Discourse
of *Wisedome*, then This *Her Dwelling*, this *Ar-
bour*? which to Me seems a *Temple*, and that
Table an *Altar*; on which we will *sacrifice* to the
Goddesse, and take an *Omen* from the *Place*.
What *Omen*? (saies *Langius*) This; (said I)
that as they, who sitting in a place where *Odours*,
and *Oyntments* are, doe carry away with them in
their Garments some *Aire*, and *Spirit* of the
Place; so I hope that some *Odour*, and *Perfume*
of *Wisdome* shall adhere to My *Mind*, by being
in this her storehouse. I am afraid (saies *Langi-
us*) ther's but little to be expected from so
light an *Omen*; yet notwithstanding let us go:
for, (I will not dissemble) this your ingenu-
ous heart, and Affection excites, and warms
Me too. And as they, who search after *Springs*,
when they perceive in the *Morning* a certaine
Vapour, breathing from the *Earth*, take it for a
signe that in that place they may find *water*; So
have I hopes of a plentiful *Spring* of *Vertues*,
when

when I perceive so early, and forward an Inclination to Knowledge in a *Young Man*. And with this he led me into the *Arbour*, and sate down to the *Table*. But I first calling to the *Boyes*, stay there (said I) and waite; and be sure you lock the *Door*, and upon your *Lives* let not any one in; not a *Man*, not a *Dog*, not a *Woman*, no though good *Fortune* her self come: and with that I sate down. *Langius* laughing, Were you ever in an *Office*, *Lippus*, (said he) your *Edicts*, and *Orders* are so *strict*, and *teasty*? Yesterday's *Misfortune* (said I) hath justly made me *Wary*: Go forward, in Gods name.

CHAP. VI.

The Third Argument for Constancy, drawn from Utility. Calamities are Good, whither you regard their Originall, or their End. Their Originall is from God; who being Eternally, and Immutably Good, cannot be the Cause of any Evill.

Langius, making no long pause, thus began. In my Discourse of *Constancy* (which I entered upon Yesterday) I will not transgresse its Rules; but observe the same Order, and Bounds, which I at first design'd out. I made (you know) *Four* Squadrons, (as I call'd them) which were to assist her against your *Griefe*, and *Abjection*; of which the two First, of *Providence*, and *Necessity*, I have already drawn out; and have sufficiently evinc'd, that
Pub-

Publick Evils are sent down from God; and That they are Necessary, and Impossible to be declin'd. I will now bring up my *Third Supply*, under the Command of *Utility*; which I call the *Legion Adjutrix*; a Valiant, and Subtile Power, which (I know not how) does slide and insinuate into our Mindes, and with a pleasing kind of Violence, does not force, and compel, but invites ore the Vanquith'd. For wee as readily permit our selves to be led by *Utility*, as urg'd on by *Necessity*. This I oppose against you, *Lipsius*, and your failing Troopes.

For, these Publick Evills, which wee suffer, are *Profitable*, and avail us inwardly. Evils > Rather, *Goods*; if, withdrawing this Veyle of Opinion, wee look to their *Original*, and their *End*. That is from Good; This, for Good. For, the descent of all these Calamities (which I sufficiently prov'd yesterday) is from God; that is, not onely from the *chiefest*, and *last* Good It selfe; but from the *Author*, and *Cause* of all *Other Good* whatsoever; from whom its as impossible that Evill should proceed, as that him selfe should be so. That Power is onely *Benigne*, and *Healthful*; which equally despites to receive, or *insist wrong*; and, whose sole *Prerogative* it is, to *Benefit*. And hence those Ancient, blinder Apprehensions, when they had aym'd, and gues'd at something of him in their Minds, they gave him his Name from *Helping*. Do you thinke him to be *Angry*; and in *Passion*, that he scatters these Miseries, like deadly Weapons, amongst Men? No! Anger, and revenge, are *Humane Affections*; and, being borne from *Imbecillity*, are found onely amongst *Infirmes*: but *That Mind* does Eternally abide, and endure in its *Benignity*; and those very bitter, and severe Prescriptions

tions are onely as Medicines; distastfull in the sense, and Receipt of them, but pleasing in the Issue. That great Philosopher Plato said rightly: ὁ δὲ θεὸς οὐδὲν κακὸν ποιεῖ, ὅτι οὐ τινος ἐστὶ κακὸν αἴτιον: God does no Evil, nor is the cause of any. But better, and more fully our Seneca: *Que causa est Dijs benefaciendi? Natura. Errat, si quis putat illos nocere velle, vel posse: nec accipere injuriam queunt, nec facere. Primus est Deorum cultus, Deos credere: deinde, reddere illis majestatem suam, reddere bonitatem, sine qua nulla Majestas est. Scire illos esse, qui præsentunt mundo, qui universa ut sua temperant, qui humani generis tutelam gerunt, curiosi etiam singulorum. Hi nec dant malum, nec habent.* "What cause is there in the Gods of doing Good? Their Nature. He erres, that thinks they either Will, or can hurt: They can neither suffer, nor do wrong. The first Honour of the Gods, is, to Believe them; and then to ascribe to them their Majesty; and their Goodnesse, without which there is no Majesty. To know, they are those who preside over the World, who govern all things as their Own; who take on them the whole Protection of Mankind, dividing it too to every Individual. No Evill is in them, neither does any proceed from them.

CHAP.VII.

The End of Calamities alwaies directed to Good, although administred by Wicked Men, and for their wicked Ends. Their Power notwithstanding is subject to, and commanded by God. All things guided to Our Advantage. Why God uses the Help of Wicked Men.

Miseries then are Good in their Original; They are so in their End too, since alwaies directed to our Benefit, and Advantage. I know, you oppose this, and thus argue. Is not the whole Scope and businesse of these Evils manifestly carried on to Ruine, and Mischiefe onely? It is, I confesse, if you look upon Men; but not, if you look upon God: which that you may more clearly apprehend, I thus distinguish of Divine Punishments. Some are Simple, Others are Mixt: Those I call Simple, which are Immediate from God, without the intervening of any Humane Polity, or Force: Mixt are from God too, but perform'd, and acted by Men. Of the first Kinde are Famines, Barrennesse, Earthquakes, Inundations, Diseases, Death: of the Latter, Tyrannies, Warrs, Oppressions, Slaughters. The First are Pure, and Innocent, since proceeding out of the Purest Fountain. In the Other, I will not deny, but there are some dregs, because they passe through, and are deriv'd to us by the impure channell of Affections; Man intervenes, and we cannot then wonder, if Corruption, and sin does too. But we may well wonder at that

Merci-

Merciful, Strange Providence of God, that can convert that very Poyson into Medicine, and that sin into Good. Do you see that Tyrant, breathing nothing but Death and Destruction? Whose onely Sports, and Recreations are Mischiefs? who values not his Own Life, but would perish with much Contentment and Satisfaction to himselfe, if, together with his own Fall, he might draw on the delight and comfort of anothers innocent Ruine! Let him alone! he shall crosse his owne Principles; and God, by a secret Constraint, shall enforce, and appoint him (without his least suspicion, or privy) to his owne Great end. For, as an Arrow, without any sense of its owne, followes the Mark to which he that shot, aym'd it; so do Wicked Men. For that Supream Power secretly disposes of, and intends all Humane Power, and guides those very Wandrings and Errors of their Steps to this Right End. And, as in an Army the aymes of the Souldiers are diverse; the spoyle encourages this man; Glory, him, and hate, that other; but they all conclude for their Prince, and Victory: so do all these Wills here; both Good, and Bad serve under, and fight for God; and, notwithstanding all those different, unlike purposes, and shapes of their own Designs, they at last bring forth, and finish This (as I may call it) End of Ends.

But you will aske, why does God use the help of Wicked Men? Why does not he Himself send those pure, guiltless Miseries; or at least why does he not send those other by Good Agents? Thou enquirest too curiously (O Man!) into the secrets of God; and I know not whether I am able to satisfy thee. But this I know, that a perfect Accompt of all his Doings is approv'd by him, though excepted against by us. But what is it that appears so strange, or unusu-
all

all here? The Governour of a Province hath legally condemn'd an Offender; He commands the Execution of this Sentence to *Brutianus*, or the *Lictor*: A Father of a Family sometimes corrects his son *Himself*, sometimes he puts it off to his Tutor, or a *Servant*: why should not we allow God the same *Liberty*? Why should not he, when he so pleases, chastise us with his *Own Hand*; and when he otherwise pleases, with *Others*? there's no Injury, or Wrong done to you in it. Does that *Servant hate you*? Does he come with a *Mind* to do you a *Mischief*? It's no matter; Look you to the *Mind of him* that commands the Punishment; your Father, that requires it, stands by; and will not suffer *one Stripe* to be added above what he commanded. But you ask again, Why is *sin* here immix'd; and why are these Divine Arrows dipt in the Poyson of *Affections*? you call mee up to a Steep and difficult hill; which notwithstanding I will venture on.

That God might manifest his *Wisdom*, and *Power*, *melius judicavit* (they are *St. Augustines* words) *de malis bona facere, quam mala nulla permittere*; He judg'd it better to make *Evils*, *Good*; then to permit *No Evils* at all. For what higher, and greater Instance can be of Goodness, and *Wisdom*, then to bring *Good out of Evil*; and so to alter, and correct the Nature of Things ordained for *Destruction*, that they assist to our *Preservation*? You commend that *Physician*, who mixes a *Viper* with his *Treacle* with happy Success: And why should you be displeas'd with God, who in this *Antidote of Calamities* intermingles some things *averse*, and dangerous to the Nature of Man, when 'tis yet without the least peril to him? For he thoroughly decocts and evaporates all the *Venom*, and poyson of it with his
secret

secret Fire of Providence. Lastly, this magnifies his Power, and Glory; to the advancement of which He ordaines *All things*. For what can more express his Power, then that he does not only *vanquish* and *subdue* his Enemies, but does so *overcome* them, that he makes them to *assist him*, and bear Armes in pursuance of *His victory*? Which every day comes to pass, when Gods will is done by *Evill Men*, though not of *them*: since those things, which They endeavour in *opposition* to his Will, He so disposes and manages, that they are not yet done *besides his Will*. And what Miracle can be *higher*, then that *Wicked Men should make Wicked Men Good*? Approach *Caius Caesar*! Go, and at once violate two Sacred Names, thy Father and thy Country! This thy Ambition, *without thy Knowledge*, shall serve God; nay thy Country, *against whom* it was undertaken: for it shall prove the Reparation, and Glory of the *Roman State*. Thou *Attila*, from the farther parts of the World, thirsting after *Blood* and *Rapine*, draw neer! *Sack, Kill, Fire, and Wast*. All this thy *Fury*, and *Outrage of Cruelty* shall fight for God, and prove nothing else but an *awakening*, and *raising up* of the *Christians*, buried and lost in sin, and Pleasure. What is't you two *Vepasians* do? Ruine *Judea*, and the *Jewes*: take, and raze the *Holy City*! To *what end*? For the *Glory* and *inlargement* of your Empire: you are mistaken. For you do All this, only as *Liflors*, and *Executioners* of the *Divine Vengeance* upon the *Impious Nation*. Go you, who perchance at *Rome* have martyr'd the *Christians*, now revenge *Christs death* in *Judea*. All ages can give in such Examples, how God by the sinfull purposes of *Wicked Men*, hath compass'd, and fulfill'd his *Own good Will*; and, by the *Injustice* of *Others*, hath manifested his *Own upright Judgements*.
Where

Wherefore let's admire, (*Lippius*) and not pry into this secret, and remov'd Power of his Wisdom; and let us know, that all afflictions are Good in their Ends, although this dark Mind of ours cannot, either by reason of its Brightness behold it; or, of its Height, failes; or is Late in at taying to it. For their True Ends are Hid; which notwithstanding they will effect, while Wee are ignorant; like some Rivers, which, retiring under ground from our sight, are nevertheless carried on to their Owne Sea.

CHAP. VIII.

More distinctly of the Ends themselves. That they are Threefold: and to whom Each belongs. Of the First End, for Exercise of the Good. That it benefits Three Wayes: by strengthening them; Trying them; and encouraging Others.

IF I may therefore hoyle sail, and pass on farther into this Depth of Divine Mysteries, I may perchance discover something more expressly of the Ends themselves.

Εἰ δύναμαι τελέσαι γε, καὶ εἰ τετελεσμένον ἔσται.

If't may be done by mee;
Or th' thing it self can be.

as *Homer* saies. For there are some, which me thinks

thinkes I am able certainly to *discover*, and *poynt out*: Others there are, which I can onely *rove* and *guesse at*. Of the more *Apparent ones*, there are these *Three*; to *Exercise*, *Chastise*, and *Punish* us. For if you marke it; the most *Usual*, and *Ordinary Calamities* do either *Exercise* the *Good*, *Chastise* the *Offending*, or *Punish* the *Wicked*: and all this for *Our Good*.

For (to illustrate the *First End*) we daily see the *Best Men* either *singled out*, and *punish'd apart* by some *private Calamity*; or *enclos'd* with *Others*, in the *general Toyle of Evills*. Wee see it, and wonder at it; because wee neither fully understand the *Cause*, nor marke the *End* of it. For, the *Cause* is, the *Love of God* towards us, not his *Hate*; and the *End* is, not for our *Hurt*, but *Benefit*. For; this *Exercise* many waies *advantages* us; It *strengthens* us; it *proves* us; and it *encourages*, and *leades on Others*.

It *confirms*, and *strengthens* us, This being as a *School*, and place of *Exercise*, where God *traines* up his to *Fortitude*, and *Virtue*. We see *Wrestlers* first *trye*, and *acquaint* themselves with *hard Encounters*, that they may be able to overcome in *Earnest*: Thinke the same of us, in this *School of Afflictions*; For Our Master carefully *oversees*, and *exacts* Our *Labours*, not to *Sweat* onely, but *Blood*. Do you think, he *fondly*, and *loosely* breeds up *His*; and *contents* them with those *Pleasures*, and *Delights* that they *crave after*? No: they are *Mothers*, whose foolish *Love*, and *Tenderneſſe* undoes their *Children*; being *afraid* to *breed* them up, least they should *hurt* them; but *Fathers*, whose *harſter*, and *wiſer* Affection *preserves* them. And he is *Our Father*; and therefore loves us *like One*. If you would be a *Pilot*, you must be brought up amongst *Tempeſts*;
- if

if a Souldier, you must know Danger: And if you would be truly a Man, why do you start at Afflictions? since there's no other way to acquire strength by. Doe you see those languishing, retir'd Bodies, whom the Sun seldome looks on, the Wind nere assailes, nor any sadder gust ere breath'd upon? Such are the Infirme, Choyce Minds of those soft, and continually happy Men, whom the least Breath of Misfortune shall wholly cast down, and destroy. Afflictions then strengthen us: And, as Trees, shooke with the Wind, take deeper, and surer Root; so do good Men lay faster, and more careful hold on Vertue, when attempted by the stormes of Adversity.

Afflictions also Prove us; for otherwise, how could any one judge of his strength? If the wind still prosperously fill the Sail, there's no roome for the Pilot's Art: and if all things still happily, and Evenly succeed to Man, he shall lose the Glory of his Vertue; for the onely Touchstone, and Witnesse of it, is Affliction. Demetrius said highly: *Nihil mihi videtur infelicius eo, cui nihil evenit adversi*: Nothing seemes to Me more Unhappy, then that Man, whom no Adversity befalls. And Truly; For our Commander does not exempt, and release such from their Duty, but distrusts them. He does not indulge them; but discards, and expunges them out of the List of his more Valiant Legions, as feeble, unserviceable ones.

Lastly, they leade on Others: For the Courage, and Patience of Good men in their Sufferings, is as a Light to this darke World. It instructs, and calls up others, by Their examples, to the same Heights of Vertue; and directs a Passage, by which Others may ascend after. Bias lost his Fortunes, and his Country: But he yet calls out to Men, That they carry

carry all their Treasure along with them. *Regulus* in the midst of his Torments unworthily perish'd; But that Excellent, *Eternal Pattern*, and Example of *Faith*, and *Loyalty* escape the Fury, and still Survives. *Papinianus* is slaine by the Tyrant; But his Axe hath ever forbidden us to dread it, where Justice onely is our Crime. To conlude; how many the Choysest Men, in All Ages, have by Violence, and Injustice been Banish'd, or Slain? But out of the Rivers of Their Blood Wee daily draw, and take in Constancy, and Virtue: All which notwithstanding would have been cover'd, and shut up in Darknesse, without this Torch of Miseries. For, as Odours, if you bruise them, enlarge their sents, and impart them further off; so does Vertue its Glory, when Oppress'd.

CHAP. IX.

*Of Chastisement, the second End. That
It availes us Two waies.*

THE second End is to Chastise us; then which there can be no gentler, or apter Meanes for our Recovery: For it benefits us two waies; either as a Scourge when wee have offended; Or, as a Bridle, least we should offend. As a Scourge; since we acknowledge that to be a Fathers Hand, which often corrects us for our Faults; but 'tis an Executioners, that slowly, & onely Once punishes. And as we use Fire, or Water for the cleansing, and purging away of stains, and Drossie, so must we admit of Afflictions for Sin. And it is deservedly now a Scourge upon
F us,

us, *Lipsius*: For, we *Netherlanders* had offended; and, corrupted with Wealth, and Pleasure, had reach'd that utmost, dangerous Height of Vices. But our God gently warns us, and mildly beckens us downe thence, punishing us with some few stripes, that we may recover, and returne again to Our selves, and Him. He takes away our *Estates*, because we abus'd them to Excesse; Our *Liberty*, because we enlarg'd it into License; and with these gentle stripes he does as 'twere expiate, and satisfie for our Vices. But, how small is this Penance and Expiation! They say, the *Persians*, when they are to punish some Great Man, take from him his Garment, and his Tiara, and hanging them up, please their Sentence upon that; in stead of the Man, punishing the Garment. So does Our Father, who in his Correction passes by Us, and seizes onely on our Bodies, our Fields, our Estates, and other External Things.

This Chastisement also serves as a Bridle, which he opportunely casts over us, when he sees us ready to offend. As Physicians sometimes providently let blood, not because we are sicke, but that we may not be; so God by these Afflictions takes down our Fortunes; which otherwise being plentiful, and high, might have been fit Temptations for our Vices to have laid hold on. For, he that made all Things, knowes their Natures; nor does he guesse at Diseases by looking on the Veines, or the Colour; but, by a nearer inspection, judges them from within. Does he see the *Etruscans* heady, and factious? He governes them with a King: the *Helvetians* easie, and quiet? He indulges them Liberty: The *Venetians* of a Temper betwixt Both? He affords them such a Government; whose periods, or stay are with Him. Yet still we murmure; And, why (say wee) are We

We longer condemn'd to Warre, then *Others*; and put under a *harder* yolk? Fool! and now truly sicke! Art thou wiser then thy *Maker*? Tell me; why does the Physician prescribe more *Warmwood*, or *Ellebare* for this, then for that Man? Because his *Disease*, or his *Temper* requires it. Thinke the same here: Perchance he sees this People more *stubborn*, and *Unreasonable*, and therefore to be tam'd, and aw'd with *Scourges*: That Other more *Obedient*, apt to be manag'd onely with the *shadow* of the Rod. But, you do not *think* so; and truly that's of great concernment! Our Parents do not trust a sword, or a knife in the hand of their Children; for they foresee their *Hurt*: And why should We desire God to *please*, and *indulge* us with our *Ruine*? who are truly *Children*, not able either to aske things *Expedient* for us, or cast away those things which are *Hurtful*. If you will yet complain, and trouble your self, you may: But you shall *notwithstanding* drinke your full Cup of *Affliction*; which, not in vain, our Physician hath thus fill'd.

CHAP. X.

Of Punishment, the Third End: *that it's Good, both in respect of God, Men, and Him that is punished.*

Punishment respects *Evil Men*, yet is not *Evil*. For, First, It's Good, if you respect *God*; the *Eternall, Unchangeable Decree* of whose Justice requires, that the Crimes of Men be either amended, or taken out of the way. Those that may be wash'd out, Chastisement expunges; but those deeper prints Punishment takes off. It's good again in respect of *Men*; amongst whom no Society could endure, if *Violent, desperate Natures* had their Liberty of Offending. As therefore the punishment of *petty Thieves*, or *Murders* conduceth to each *Private mans security*: so does that of the *Greater, and more Famous ones*, to the weal of *Mankind*. And those *Divine Animadversions* upon *Oppressours*, and more *Eminent Thieves*, and disturbers of the world, ought *Necessarily* sometimes to intervene, that there may be Examples to admonish us,

Εἷς ἐστιν ὁ θεὸς ὁ δαλμὼν, ὃς τὰ πάντα ὁρᾷ.

That there is a wakefull Eye
Of Justice, which does all descry.

which to *Other Rulers and People* may cry out,
Discite justitiam moniti, & non temnere divos:
You, that are warn'd by others Miseries,
Learn Justice; nor th' avenging Gods despise.
It's

It's good, *Thirdly*, if you consider those that are punish'd: for it is done for *their* sakes; since it is not so much a *Revenge*, or a *destroying*, *Utter* Judgement; (for that *Loving* Deity never—
ex ira pœnas petere imbibit acres,

Consults his *Anger*, and from thence
 Does severe Punishments dispence.

as the impious Poët said Piously:) as a gentle *Restraint*, and *Cohibition* from sin: or to speak it fully with the *Gracians*, *κόλασις*, ἀλλ' ὐ *τιμωρία*, a *Punishment*, not a *Revenge*. As *Death* is sometimes in *Mercy* sent to *Good men* before their sin, so to irrecoverably *Wicked Men* in the midst of them: because they so embrace and mingle with them, that without cutting off they cannot be sever'd. God therefore meets, and stops the *Outragious* course, and whilst they act their present *Trangressions*, and design greater, he mercifully rescues, and takes them out from among their sins. To conclude, *All Punishment* is *Good*, as it respects *Justice*; as on the contrary *Impunity* is *Evill*, which makes *sinfull*, that is, *Unhappy*, *Miserable* men continue so longer. *Boethius* said well: *Feliciores esse improbos supplicia tuentes, quàm si nulla eos Justitia pœna coerceat*: “wicked men under *Punishment* are more happy, then if “Justice should inflict no *Punishment* at all upon “them. And he gives the Reason, Because *some* [*Good* hath come among them, (to wit, *Punishment*) which among all the heap, and number of their *Transgressions*, they never yet had.

CHAP. XI.

Of another, suppos'd, End, pertayning either to the Conservation, and Detence of the Vniverse; or the Ornament. The Explication of Each.

THese are the *Three Evident, Certain Ends*, *Lippius*; which I have pass'd with a *steady sure* pace; the *Fourth* remains; which I must adventure on with a *doubtfull, faulting* one. For it is more *unknown*, and *farther off*, then that our humane Capacities should *firmely* track it: For I discover it only through a *Cloud*; and I may *guesse* and *offer* at it: but never *certainly* know, and attain it. The *End* I understand is *General*, and regards either the *Conservation*, or the *Beauty* of the *Universe*.

I *guesse* 'tis for the *Conservation*; because, that God, who wisely made, and dispos'd all these things; did so make them, that he bounded, and decreed them within a certain *Number*, *Measure*, and *Weight*; So that no *Particular Creature* might exceed and transgress those *Limits*, without the *impairing*, or *Ruine* of the *Whole*. Thus those *Great Bodies*, the *Heavens*, the *Earth*, the *Sea* have their *Bounds* set them; so is each *Species* of *Living Creatures* determin'd, and accounted under a *definite List* and *Number*. And so are *Men*, *Cities*, and *Kingdomes*. Will they exceed, and outgrow this? 'Tis necessary that some *Tempest*, and *blast* of *Calamities* should *check*, and *retard* them: for otherwise they would *disorder*, and *offend* the *Constitution*, and *Frame* of this *Universe*. And this

this is endeavour'd often; especially by those, to whom that Command is given, *Encrease and Multiply*. Look upon *Men*; who will deny that by *Nature* we are born *faster* then we (*so*) dye; so that in a few yeares from *two persons*, a family of a *Hundred* may be propagated, of which in that space not above *Ten*, or *Twenty* may dye? Look upon a *Heard of Cattell*! how *Numerous* would the *Encrease* be, if the *Heardman* did not yeerely choose out some to the *Slaughter*? The *Birds* and *Fishes* would in a short space crowd the *Air* and the *Waters*, if there were not *Dissentions*, as it were, and *Wars* amongst them, and *Snares* laid for them by men. Every age is building new *Cities*, and *Houses*; which if *Ruine* and *Fire* should let alone, scarce this *Our World*, and the *Other* would receive them. The same may we imagine of the whole *Creation*. What wonder therefore is it, if sometimes our *Saturn* thrusts his sickle into this overgrown Field, and cuts downe some *superfluous* Thousands, with the *Sword*, or *Pestilence*! which if he should not doe, what *Courtry* would be able to hold us, or what *Land* would feed us? 'Tis just then, that *Something* should fall away, and perish from *Each Part*, that that *Greatest All* be *Eternal*. For, as to the *Supream Magistracy*, the *Safety* of the *People* is the *Supream Law*; so is it to *God*, in respect of the *World*.

For the *Beauty*, or *Ornament* of the *World*, I conceive *Calamities* make *Two wayes*. *First*, because I apprehend no *Beauty* any where in this great frame, without *Variety*, and a distinct *Succession*, and *Exchange* of Things. I acknowledge the *Sun* to be most beautifull; yet is he rendred far more *Lovely*, and desir'd, because sometimes the *Night*, or a *Cloud's* drayne over him. I confesse
the

The *Summer* to be most pleasant: But yet the *Winter* sets it off, and those cold icy *Marbles*, and *Snowes* do more commend It's warmth; which if you take away, you take away the True sence, the more lively and quainter Enjoyment either of this *Light*, or *Heat*. In this Country of ours, 'tis not one constant Face, or Levell, that would commend its *Prospect*; but to have the Eye divided betwixt *Hills*, and *Vallies*; *wast*, and fertile places; *Meadowes*, and *Woods*. For, *Satiety*, and *Loathing* are alwaies the Companions of *Equality*. And why then in this Scene (as I may say) of our Lives should the same tedious Face, and dresse still please us? No! Though *Halcyon*, smooth Times sometimes be, yet awhile after let the *Tempests* of War, and the wilder stormes of Tyrants rise, and interrupt the Calme. For, who would wish this Universe, like the Dead Sea, to be without *Wind*, or *Motion*?

There is another Ornament I guesse at, but more serious, and inwardly fruitfull. *Histories* are my Guides, that *Better*, and *Fairer Times* still succeed stormes. If Warrs molest any People, those same Warrs raise, and quicken them, and usually introduce *Arts*, and a new *Dresse*, and *Forme* of Things. The *Romans* heretofore impos'd a hard yoke upon the World; but 'twas a yoke, happy, and advantageous in the End; which, as the Sun chafes darknesse from our Eyes, so did that *Ignorance*, and *Barbarism* from their Minds. What had the *Gaules*, or we *Germans* now been, if the Light of that Great Empire had not risen on us, but Cruell, and inhumane *Savages*, defil'd with *strangers*, and nearer *Blood*; Despisers both of God, and Man? And the same, I suppose, will befall this *New World*, which the *Spaniards* with an advantageous kind of Cruelty have Exhausted; but
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will again restore, and Otherwise replenish it. And as in great Groves, or Orchards, they remove some Trees, plant Others, and cut down Others; and all this, that they may the better prosper, and be more fruitful: So in this great Field of the World does God; who, as a skillfull Planter, in some places prunes, and cuts off the cumbersome Branches of some Families; in another place, he pluckes away some few Leaves (as we may say) of Men: This benefits the Stock; and yet Those fall, and These the Wind scatters. He sees this Nation parch'd, and wither'd away, as having outliv'd their Vertue; He casts them out: That other, rude, and Unfruitful; He transferres them: And Others he mingles together, and ingrasses them (as 'twere) into one another. You Italians, in the declining of the Empire, being now decay'd, and worne out, why comber you any longer that Choyse Ground? Depart! And let those able, unbroken Lombards more happily spread there, and improve that Soyle. Let the corrupt, soft Grecian perish; and the untam'd Scythian be remov'd thither, and grow gentle. Sometimes he mixes People: You French, possesse Gaule; you Saxons, Brittain; you Normans, Belgia, and the places adjoyning: All which, and more, (Lipsius) History, and the Events of Things sufficiently informe us of. Let's be rais'd then, and know, that what ever Private Calamity undoes Us, advances by it some part of the Universe. The Ruine and Decay of This People, or Kingdome, shall be the Rising, and fuller Glory of Another: The Fall, and Heap of That City, the Foundation of a New: Nor does any Thing properly here dye, but Change onely, and remove. Shall wee Netherlanders thinke to be the only Choyse, exempted ones with God, that shall perpetually continue a-

mongst us, and stay *Felicity*? Fooles! That Great Father hath more Children, whom (because he will not all at once) permit to cherish, and receive by turnes into his Bosome. Our Suns have already shin'd on Us; let the *Night* succeed awhile; and let that beauteous Ray withdraw to the *Westerne Nation*. *Seneca* (as he uses) speaks highly, and aptly in this place: *Vir sapiens nihil indignetur sibi accidere, sciatque illa ipsa quibus ladi videtur, ad conservationem universi pertinere, & ex his esse, quæ cursum mundi officiumque consummant.*

“Let a wise Man repine at Nothing that
 “befalls him; but let him know, that that very
 “Thing, under which he seemes to suffer, does
 “make to the *Conservation* of the *Universe*; and
 “is of the number of Those Things which con-
 “tinue, and fulfill that *Law*, and *Order* that the
 “World’s bound to.

CHAP. XII.

A Common Objection against the Divine Justice. Why Punishments are Unequall: It's Inquisition remov'd from Man; and therefore wicked to be sought after.

L Angius pausing here, I broke forth. What a Fountain of Water is to the Travailer in the greatest Heat, and Extremity of his Way, the same to Me is your Discourse. It refreshes, It invivens; and with a cooling, acceptable juice, It mitigates, and allayes my Fever. But it does but allay; It does not quench it: For, that Thorne,
 (which

(which also troubled the *Antients*) of the *Imparity* of *Punishing*, remains in my *Breast*, and perplexes Me. For, *Langius*, if that *Ballance* of *Justice* be equal, how comes it to passe, that this *Rage* of *Calamities*

————— *plerumque nocentes*
Præterit, exanimatque indignos, inque merentes ?

So oft the *Nocent* passes, but is sent
Among the *Vertuous* still, and *Innocent* ?

Why (I say) are some *Undeserving* People rooted out ; and what have our *Wretched* *Nephewes* done, that they should rue the *Crimes* of their *Ancestors* ? This is a troublesome Mist in my Eyes; which, if you can, scatter with the Ray of Reason.

Langius frowning upon Me; Doe you alwaies wander, (saies he) and turne out of that Path I set you in ? I may not suffer it. For, as *Huntsmen* will not suffer a Dog to change, but to follow the first sent ; so would I have you follow that track, which I pointed out to you. I was telling you of the *Ends* of *Calamities* ; that if you are *Good*, you may know your selfe to be *Exercised* by them ; if *Wicked*, to be *punish'd* : You call me up presently to the *Causes*. And what would your wandering, dangerous Mind do here ? Touch those *Heavenly Fires* ? They'd melt you : Scale that *Tower of Providence* ? You'd fall. As *Butterflies*, and other small trifling Creatures, will in the night fly about a Candle, till at the last it burnes them ; so does our foolish, gazing Humane Mind play about that secret, strange Fire. Tell me the *Causes*, (say you) Why the *Divine Vengeance* passes by ; and excuses some, but seizes

seizes upon Others. The *Causes*? I may most safely say it, I do not know them: For, that *Heavenly Court* nere admitted, and received *Mee*; Nor *I*, its *Decrees*. This onely I know, that the *Prime Cause*, which began the *Other Following Causes*, was the *Will of God*; beyond which, he that would seeke out, and derive it downe from any *Other Force*, or *Power*, is ignorant of the *Divine Nature*. For its necessary that every *Cause* be before, and greater then its *Effect*: But, then *God*, and *His Will*, nothing is either before, or greater; There is therefore *No Cause* of it. *God passes by; God strikes*: what would you have more? *Summa justitia est Voluntas Dei*: “ (as *Salvian* “ saies piously, and truly) The *Height*, and *Perfection* of *Justice*, is the *Will of God*. But wee require (say they) some *Reason* of this *Imparity*. From *whom*? from *God*? To whom alone what he list to do, He may justly do? For, what ever he pleases to do, is *Lawful*. Should a *Servant* call his *Master*, or a *Subject* his *Prince* to an *Account*; He would call it *Impudence*; and this *Other*, *Rebellion*. And wouldst thou be more *high*, and *disobedient* against *God*? Hence perverse *Curiosity*! This *Reason* doth not otherwise appeare to be one, then because It may be rendered to *None*. For when thou hast done *all*, thou shalt never free thy selfe from these *Clouds*, nor ere discover these *hidden*, *remote Counsels*. *Sophocles* saies well:

Ἀλλ' ἔγ' ἀρ' αὖτὰ θεῖα, χρυτὴ νῦν θεῶν,
Μαθὺς αὖ, ἔσ' εἰ πάντ' ἐπιζέλοισι σκοπῶν.

The Gods withhold, and shut up their Decrees:
Couldst thou. All others learne, thou'dst never
Tug, &c.

CHP. XIII.

Yet to satisfy the Curious, Three usuall Objections are answer'd: and first, that which complaines, that Evill Men are not punish'd. Against which it is proved, that their Punishments, though deferr'd, are not excus'd. And this comes to passe, either for Mans sake; or proceeds from a kind of Property in God, which is, slow to Revenge.

THIS rude, simple way (*Lipsius*) is the onely safe one; the Other are deceitful, and treacherous. In Things Divine, and Above, the Onely Acutenesse is, to perceive Nothing; and the only Knowledge is, to be Ignorant. Yet because both of Old, and Now, this Cloud has enwrapp'd Mens Understandings, I will (If I am able) winne thee out of it, and passe thee, now at a stand, over this River. Thou Heavenly and Eternal Mind (he look'd up) grant mee pardon, if I shall deliver any thing of these Secrets (yet with a pious Endeavour) lesse pure, or pious, then I ought.

First of all then, *Lipsius*, me thinkes I am able in general to asser the Justice of God to Him, with this One stroake. If God beholds Humane Things, he does also care for them; if he cares for them, he governes and rules them; if he rules them, 'tis with Judgement; and if with Judgement, how then Unjustly? For without It, there can be no Government; but a meer Heap, Confusion, and

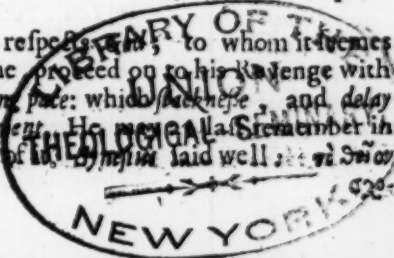
Tumult.

Tumult. What doe you oppose to this Weapon? What *Target*, or *Defence*? If you will confesse rightly, onely the *Ignorance of Mankind*. I do not understand, say you, why some are punish'd, and why not *Others*. Well, will you adjoyne then *Impudence* to your *Folly*? and will you, because you doe not understand the Power of that Divine Law, traduce it? What more *Unjust Reason* can be given against *Justice*? If a stranger should take upon him to judge the *Lawes*, and *Constitutions* of your *Country*, you might with good reason bid him be *silent*, because he did not understand them. And shalt Thou, an *Inhabitant of the Earth*, rashly condemn the unknown *Lawes of Heaven*? Thou, that art the *Werke*, question the *Maker*? But Ile grant yee this *Liberty*; for Ile now come nearer to you, and examine more distinctly those *Clouds* of your *Calumny*, (as you require me) before the *Sun of Reason*:

You Object *Three things*; that he does not punish *Evil Men*; that he punishes *undeserving Men*; and, that he substitutes and exchanges *Offendors*. You say first, the *Divine Vengeance* does ill to passe by *Wicked Men*. Does it then passe them by? No; It delaies awhile rather, and reprives them. If I have *Mony* owing Me, and require it presently of that *Debtor*, but give that *Other* longer day, why do you blame Me? It being an Act depending wholly on my owne *Will*, and *power*. The same does our *Great God*, to whom all wicked Men are *liable*, and owe a *punishment*: He requires it presently of these; but gives day to *Others*; but to be paid with *Interest*. And what *injustice* is here? But perchance you fear, least he may loose something by this his *Merciful Delay*. Be lecare! None ever yet was *bankrupt* to this great *Creditor*; We are all in his *sight*, wherever we fly; Nay already

ready in his *fetters*, and *Custody*. But I would (say you) have such a Tyrant now punish'd, that his *Present Blood* might satisfie so many *Oppressed Ones*: For so the Justice of God would be more *Manifest* to us. Rather, your stupidity: For what art thou, that wouldst not onely lead on the Judgements of God, but prescribe their seasons too? Do you account him your Judge, or rather your *Liflor*, and *Executioner*? Take this *Offender* hence, (say you) scourge him, cover his face, *Execute* him: 'Tis My Will it should be so. Impudence! God sees it *other-wise* fitting; who (you ought to know) sees more clearly here, and punishes with *other Ends*. *Rage*, and the *Desire* of *Revenge* urges on Thee; but Hee, the *farthest*, and most remov'd from all *Passion*, intends them for an *Example*, and the *Chastisement* of *Others*. For he best knowes, whom, and at what time to *Benefit*, even by their *Mischiefe*. The Choyce of Times is of great Moment; and the best prepar'd, and most careful Med'cine, not administred in its owne time, encreases the *Distemper*. He stopt *Caligula* in the first setting out of his *Cruelty*; *Nero* was endur'd a little longer; and *Tiberius*, beyond either. But be confident, This was done, even for their sakes, and for their Good, who were oppress'd. For our stubborn, forward Actions want a daily *Scourge*; which yet wee crave to be presently taken away, and cast into the Fire: and this is One Cause of the slownesse, and forbearance of God; which respects Us.

The Other respects *Them*, to whom it becomes proper, that he proceed on to his *Revenge* with a slow, unwilling pace: which slownesse, and delay of the Punishment. He *recommends* *Stimulus* in the *Greatesse* of *It*. *Cyprian* said well: *vi. de mor*



οὐρανὸν ὑπὸ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ: "The Divine Inquisition
 "moves on *slowly*, and by *Degrees*. So did the
 Ancients, who hence said God to have *feet*
 of *Wool*. So that though thou dost even *Passio-*
nately, and *sufferingly long after*, and art in pain
 for *Revenge*; Thou canst not yet *accuse this delay*,
 since 'tis onely *therefore* a *Respite* of it, that it
 may be also an *Encrease*. Tell me, should you
 be present at a *Tragedy*, would it trouble you
 that the *Atreus* there; or the *Thyestes* were the
 onely honour'd, and *regarded Ones* in the *First*,
 or *Second Act*; that they *Rul'd* there, *threatned*, and
commanded All? I believe you would not; since
 you knew that this *Felicity* would have its
Date; and that they would *Miserably*, and *dis-*
gracefully perish in the *last Act*. And in this *Play*
 and *Fable* of the *World*, why are you more
 offended with *God*, then you would be with any
Poet? this *Impious Man flourishes*; That *Tyrant*
lives: Let them! Think this to be but the *First Act*;
 and imagine *betimes*, what sorrowes and An-
 guishes must *succeed these Joies*! This *Scene* shall
shortly *flow* with *blood*, and then those *Purples*, and
 all the *Beauty*, and *pride* of their *Apparel* shall be
drag'd about, and *trampled* in it. For he, our *Good*
Poët, will not rathly transgress the *Lawes* of his
Tragedy. Do not you permit *Discords* in *Musick*,
 because you know that they *make way*, and *pre-*
pare for the *fuller*, more *satisfying Harmony* in the
Close? Do so here. But (you'l say) Those
wretched ones, that have *liv'd* under this *Tyran-*
ny, do not *alwaies behold* this *Punishment*. And
 what wonder is it? The *Play* perchance is *long-*
er, then that they can *sit* it out in this *Theater*.
Others though do *see* it, and *fear*: because they
 see, though the *Day of Execution* be *put off a-*
while, the *Sentence* is *never*. Wherefore (Lipfr-

I know this, that the Reprieve of Wicked Men is not a Pardon; nor does any entertain a Crime in his Breast, but he hath surely a Nemesis behind him. For that Goddesse is overtaking Him, and to speake with Euripides,

— οὐρανὸν καὶ γῆν ἐρεδῆν ποδὶ
Σταίχουσι μάστιγι τὸς ἄνδρας ὅταν πύχῃ.

“ She with a quiet, unsuspected Pace

“ Tracks the Offendour, and orecomes his Race.

CHAP. XIV.

That there are diverse sorts of Punishments: some Occult, and Internall, which accompany the Crime it selfe, and which the Wicked never escape. That such are more grievous, then any Externall ones.

WHich notwithstanding that you may more clearly apprehend, and that I may lead you to the height, and Originall of this Cause; you must know that Divine Punishments are Threefold; Internal, Posthumous, and External. The First, which are inflicted on the Soul, being yet in the Body: such are Anguishes, Penitence, Feares, and a thousand Panges, and Wounds of Conscience. The second, which seize upon the same Soule, but sever'd, and discharg'd from the Body. Such are those Torments, which those

those Antients too, and not in vaine, suspected to awaite Wicked Men after Death. The Third are, which fasten upon the Body, or the Things about it; as Poverty, Banishment, Paine, Diseases, Death. All which sometimes do, by the righteous Iudgement of God, concurre against Wicked Men; but the Two First ever.

To speak of the Internall ones, who ever yet was there so familiar, and knowne to all kinds of Mischief, that sometimes did not sensibly perceive in his Soule some Scourges and stripes; either whilst he was acting his Crimes; or, when he had now finish'd, and was fully guilty of them: For, *ἄκολυτον τῆς ἀδικίας ἡ τιμωρία*: (as Plato truly saies) Punishment is the Follower of Injustice; or as Hesiod more properly, *ἡλικῶπις*, The Twin. For Punishment, and the Reward of Evil is borne with, nay in the Crime it selfe; and there is nothing, in this Life, secure and Calme, but Innocence. For, as among the Romans, they that were to be crucified, first carried their owne Cross, which presently after was to Bear Them; So hath God first sentenc'd all Wicked Men to the Cross, and Revenge of heire own Conscience; under which they Begin their Paines, and suffer thus, before their utmost execution. Do you account onely that to be a Punishment, which wee can see, and look upon? which this Body sensibly undergoes? No! All these External, more Ordinary kinds of Calamity pass lightly over, and shortly take leave of us; they be the Internal ones, that cruciate, and more exquisitely torment us. As we judge those to be more grievously sicke, who inwardly pine, and languish away, then those who are sick of some Fever only, or Inflammation; & yet These make more shew: So are Wicked Men under a surer, and more grievous Punishment, who are led slowly, and

piningly on to their *Eternal Death*. What the Cruelty of *Caligula* was wont to command, (*Ita feri, ut sentiat se mori*, so strike him, that he may feel he dyes,) befallles these Men; whom their Cruel, Bitter Mind wounds daily, and kills by Degrees. Let not their Splendour deceive thee, their large Authority, or Wealth; Since they are no more happy for These, then those are well, whose Gout, or Fever rests upon Purple. If you see a Begger in a Play act a King's Part, and clad like one; you do not envy him; because you know that under those Other Robes, his Own soares, Filth and poverty are hid only, and disguis'd. Thinke the same of all those great, and proud Tyrants, *Quorum mentes si recludantur* (saies Tacitus) *possint adspici laniatus & ictus; quando ut corpora verberibus, ita Savitia, libidine, malis consultis animus dilaceretur*: in whose Minds, if they were open'd, you might behold gashes, and wounds; since, as Bodies are torne with Stripes, so are Their Minds with Cruelty, Lust, and pernicious Designs. They laugh sometimes; but its no True Laughter: they Rejoyce, but not a perfect, lawfull Joy: no more then they, who condemn'd to Death, and kept in Prison against the day of Execution, strive to remove that Heaviness of their Mind, which the Expectation of their approaching hour layes on them, by busying themselves with Dice, or some other game; but cannot do it. For, the Terror and Burden of their imminent suffering still abides, and encreases upon them; nor does the Image of that Death they tarry for, ever depart from their Eyes. Look now upon the Sicilian Tyrant, withdrawing onely the Veyle of his External, reputed Happinels,

*Distriktus ensis cui super impiâ
Cervice pendet.*

Over

Over whose guilty, trembling head
The ready Sword is brandished.

Hear that *Romane* lamenting: *Dii me, deaque pejus perdant, quàm perire cottidie sentio*: "Let all the Gods destroy me more grievously, then I every day perceive my self to perish! Heare Another bewailing; *Ergo ego solus nec amicum habeo, nec inimicum?* "Am I then that onely One, who have neither Friend, nor Enemy? These, *Lipsius*, are the True, high Torments, and Agonies of Soules, to be in perpetual Anguish, Sorrow, Dread: to which I forbid you to compare any Racks, Bulls, or Tortures whatsoever.

CHAP. XV.

That Punishments after Death await the Wicked: That They are not acquitted from Externall ones, proved by Examples.

ADDE to these, those *Posthumous*, and *Eternal Paines*, which we learn from *Divinity*, and it shall be enough only to have named here. Adde to those *External Punishments*; which though they were wanting, and forgiven the Offendour, who yet could blame the *Eternal Justice*, if those *Former* were inflicted? But they are not; nor does it come to pass, (at least very seldome) but that notoriously wicked men, and the *Publick Oppressors* of others, do undergoe *Publick and Open Punishment*, some sooner, others later; some in *Themselves*; Others in their *Posterity*. You complaine of *Dionysius* in *Sicily*, that for

so many yeares he freely, and without restraint exercises his rapines, lusts, and murthers: stay awhile; you shall see him shortly thrust out of all, banish't thence, shrunk from a Scepter to a Ferule; and the King of Sicily, teach School at Corinth. It troubles you againe, that Pompey and his Army of Patricians should be vanquished in Pharsalia; that the Conquerour awhile triumphs over Civil Blood: I forgive this Event; and yet I see here the sterne of right reason in Cato even wrested out of his power, and this faulting Expression come from him; *Res divinas multum habere caliginis*; Divine things have much Obscurity in them. But Thou Lippius, or Cato, look this way awhile; One View shall reconcile you with God! see that ambitious Caesar, that proud Commander, (in his owne opinion, and Others too, almost a God,) slaine in the Senate, and by them; not falling by One death, but secur'd with three and twenty wounds, and there (like some wild Beast weltring in his Blood, and (what would you have more) in Pompeys own Curia, & before his Statue, falling a great Sacrifice to the Great Shade. Somethinks I pitty Brutus in the Philippick Fields, slain for, & with his Country: but I am satisfied again, when not long after I see those conquering Armies (like Gladiators at his Sepulcher) destroying one another, and one of the Generals, M. Antonius, vanquished both by Land, and Sea, in the company of Three women, with that effeminate arme of his scarce finding an able Death. Where art Thou now the Commander once of all the East, the Butcher of the Romane Armies, the Destroyer of Pompey, and the Commonwealth? See how with thy bloody hands Thou now embracest the cord; how thou livest thine owne Monument; how even at thy death thou fliest for refuge to the Cause of it: and then

then see, whether *Brutus* spent his last *Breath* and prayer in *vaine*:

Ζῶ, μὴ ἀάδῃς σε τῶν δ' ὀϊστίσι θεῶν.

The Cause of this Clamity,
Jove, never let be hid from thee.

Nó *Brutus* ! He was neither *hid* from Him, nor *escap'd* Him. No more did that *Other Commander*, who (not obscurely) suffer'd for his youthfull Crimes in his *Own Person* ; but more evidently in his *Posterity*. Let *Cesar* be *fortunate*, *great*, and truly *Augustus* ; he hath yet his *Niece*, and *Daughter Julia*. Let Him be *depriv'd* of some of his *Nephewes* by *Fraud* , of others by *Violence*, and let himself remove others ; and, out of the impatience of these Crosses, let him endeavour to deliver himself from them by *four daies abstinence*, but not be able. To conclude, let him abide with his *Livia*, dishonestly got, dishonestly retain'd ; and let him dy an *unworthy death*, by *Her*, whom he *unworthily lov'd*. In *Summâ* (sayes *Pliny*) *Deus ille, cælumque nescio adeptus magis, an meritis, herede hostis sui filio excedat*. “ To summe up all, that *Deity*, and who, “ I know not, whether he more attayn'd *Heaven*, “ or merited it, let him dye, and leave his *Ene- mies sonne* to succeed him. These, and such like (*Lippius*) are to be thought upon, when those sinfull Complaynings and repinings break out ; and your mind is presently to reflect upon these *Two Things*, the *Slowness*, and the *Variety* of *Punishment*. Is not that *Offendor* punish'd ? stay a while, *He shall be* : Not in his *Body* ? perchance he is in his *Mind*. Not in this *Life* ? But he shall certainly after *Death*.

*Nunquam antecedentem sceſſum
Deſeruit pede pœna clauda.*

Th' Offendour, though before he haſt,
Nere the *Slow Punishment* orepaſt.

For that *Divine Eye* alwaies *wakes*; and when
you think he *ſleepes*, he does but *connive*. Let
thy Sentence of him do him onely *Right*, and
thou ſhalt ſurely confeſſe him *juſt*: And forbear
idly to *condemn him*, who ſhall ſhortly be thy
own *Judge*.

CHAP. XVI.

*The Second Objection, that undeſer-
ving People are puniſh'd, answer'd. That
All have deſerv'd Punishment, be-
cauſe All have Offended. That Men
cannot judge, who hath more, or leſſe
ſinned. 'Tis God onely, that clearly
diſcernes between Crimes, and therefore
moſt juſtly puniſhes.*

BUT (you ſay) there are ſome *Undeſer-
ving, harmeleſſe People* puniſh'd: For this is
your *ſecond Complaint*, or rather *Calumny*.
Unadvis'd young Man! Are any puniſh'd then,
that have not *deſerv'd it*? Can you tell me to
what *Country* thoſe *Saints* belong, this *Innocent,
clean Generation*? 'Tis a *raſh, ſinfull Preſumpti-
on*, thus to acquit any *One, ſingle Man*; and dare
you juſtifie *whole Nations*? We *all* ('tis knowne)
have

have sinn'd, and do sin: We were borne sinners, and do live on, such; and Heaven (to speake with the *Satyrist*) would have no weapon left, if those that offended should alwaies undergoe their just provok'd Thunder. For we must not think, that as Fishes, though encreas'd, and bred up in the Sea, do yet retain nothing of its Saltnesse, so Men in this Mire of the World can come forth without spot. And if Nore can do so, where then are your *Righteous, Peculiar People*, who yet are punish'd? Since Punishment is alwaies the Necessary Companion of Unrighteousness. But you will say, the Inequality of it displeases mee; becaule some are afflicted, that have lesse offended; but they flourish, and govern, that have sinn'd higher. Would you then take the Ballance out of the hands of the Heavenly Justice, and examine it by your owne sense, and Weights? For, what else can you mean by your bold pronouncing between *Equal*, and *Unequal Crimes*, otherwise then God hath done before you? You are therefore to consider here, *Lippius*, Two Things: First, that the Crimes of others cannot, nor ought not to be judg'd by Men. For, how canst thou judge, and discern those things, which thou canst never apprehend, nor see into? For (which you will easily grant me) 'Tis the Mind that sinnes; For though the Offence be executed, and committed by the Body; yet all the weight, and the Value of the Crime is from the Mind. Which is so true, that if it appear, any one hath unwillingly offended, he cannot be said to have sinn'd. And if this be so, how is it possible you should perceive sinne, who cannot reach to the seat, and Place of it? For you are so far from beholding *Others Soul*, that you cannot see your Owne. 'Tis therefore an Extreame Vanity, and Rash-

nesse

ness, to dare to interpose your *Sentence*, and *Arbitration* in a thing neither *seen*, nor *to be seen*, nor *known*, nor *to be known*.

Consider, *Secondly*, that if what you say were true, there were yet neither *Evil*, nor *Injustice* done to Them. *No Evil*, because it's done for their *Good* who are presently punish'd even for smallest Offences. 'Tis rather the *Love of God* to them; since that Punishment which is *delay'd*, is justly *suspected*, and portends a *heavier Judgement* to follow. 'Tis not *Unjust*, because (as I said) we have all deserv'd Punishment. Nor can the Best of us pretend to so *unblemish'd*, *bold a Purity*, but there will be some *spots* found in it, which are to be *wash'd out*, as it were, with this *salt water of Affliction*. Wherefore young Man, being but an *Earthly, Pedaneous Judge*, forbear this *perplex'd, darke pursuit of the respects, & Proportions of Crimes*, and leave it to *God*; who from His *Tribunall above* can more *clearly*, and *equally* determine of them. 'Tis he *alone* that can weigh our deserts: 'tis he onely, that through the *Veyle*, and *disguise of Colours* can discover the *True Face*, and *Original of Vice*, and *Vertue*. Who can deceive him, who equally beholds *External*, and *Internal* things, the *Body*, and the *Mind*; the *Tongue*, and the *Heart*; and, to conclude, those things which are *Open*, and those which are *retir'd*, and *withdrawn*? Who does not onely see the *Effects*, and *Issues* of our *Designes*, but the *Causes*, and *whole Progresse* of them. *Thales* being ask'd once, εἰ λήθοι θεὸς ἀνδρῶν & ἀνὴρ, *Whether the man that committed evil may be hid from God*, answer'd truly, ἀλλ' ἔδὲ δια τοῦ μύθου. *Nor he that thought it*. Whereas on the contrary, *Wee* are in the *Darke* here, and doe not onely not see *close, wary sinnes*, committed under the *Garment*,

(as they say) and within the Bosome; but scarcely those which are *Open*, and *betray'd* into the *Light*. For we do not behold the *Crime it selfe*, nor the *force*, and *vigour* of it; but some *External*, *weake footsteps* of it, when already *committed*, and upon *departing*. The *best men*, in our *Eyes*, are oftentimes the *Worst* before *God*; and those *condemn'd by us*, whom He hath *Elected*. Close then your *lipps*, and *Eyes*, concerning *Righteous*, and *Un-righteous Men*: Such *Obscure Controversies* cannot be judged here below.

CHAP. XVII.

The Third Objection, that Punishments are transferr'd, answered. That Men do the same. Why God does so.

BUT you have cast another Cloud upon *Justice*, which I must disperse, concerning *Substitutes*. For God (say they) does scarce justly *transferr*e Punishments; and 'tis hard, that *Posterity* should *suffer* for the *Crimes* of their *Ancestors*. And wher's the wonder, or the strangenes of it? I rather wonder at these *Slanders*, that they dare find any thing here to wonder at, when themselves daily do the same thing upon Earth. Tell me, Do not those *Honours*, and *Preferments*, which a *Prince* confers upon the *Ancestor* for his *Vertue*, *descent to*, and reward his *Posterity*? They do; and so doe those *Punishments*, and *Miseries* too, which are inflicted on him for his *Crimes*. Thus for *Rebellion*, or *Treason*, These are guilty;

guilty; but *Those* share in the *Punishment*. And this, Humane Cruelty does so Expressly intend, that Lawes are made, which follow the Innocent Children with perpetual want, and Indigence, that Death may be their Ease, and Life their Torment. Perverse Minds ! who will permit that to be Lawful for a Prince, or Magistrate, which you forbid to God; who yet, if you examine it rightly, hath a juster reason for his Severity. For, all of us, in One, have sinn'd, and rebell'd against this great King, and through so many Traductions, and Ages of Posterities, that First blot hath been deriv'd to the unhappy Children; so that there is a continued Succession, and Descent of our Crimes before God. For instance, *My Father*, or *Yours*, did not first begin to sinne; but *All the Fathers of our Fathers*. What wonder then is it, if he punish, and require in their Posterity, not (properly) diverse Offences, but such as by a kind of Participation; and Communion of Seed, have been still link'd, and coupled together, and were never discontinued? But, to omit these higher speculations, and to deal with you in a more Popular kind of way of Reason, know this; That God does joyne those things, which We through Imbecillity, or Ignorance do sever; and that he considers Families; Cities, and Kingdomes, not as divided, and in pieces, but as *One Body*, and *Nature*. The Family of the *Scipio's*, or the *Cæsars*, is *One Thing* with him: *Rome*, or *Athens*, for the whole time of their Duration, was but *One thing*: and so was the *Romane Empire*: and justly. For the Society of the same Lawes, and Rights, is the Bond which unites these Great Bodies, and intitles them, though in several Ages, to a Communion of partaking in Rewards, and Punishments. Were the *Scipio's* then Good heretofore? Tha

Heavenly Judge will remember it for their *Posterity*: were they *Evill*? He will *punish* it. Were the *Belgians* some yeares agoe *Lascivious*, *covetous*, *Wicked*? We shall *suffer* for it. Because in all *External Punishments*, God does not onely behold the *Present*, but that which is *Past* too; and with the severall *Weights* (as 'twere) and *Moments* of *Both these times*, he equally *poyses* the *Ballance* of his *Justice*.

I said in *External Punishment*; (and I would have you marke it) For the *Offences themselves* are not intituled to us; Nor is there any *transferring*, or *alienation* of the *Sin*; far be it! But there are only some *Punishments* or *Corrections* inflicted *about us*, but not *in us*; such as our *Bodies*, or *Estates* (properly) are *subje&t* to, not this *Inward Mind* of *Ours*. And now, what *Injury* is here done? We are certainly *Heirs* of their *Goods*, and lay claime to those *Rewards* that belong to the *n*; and if so, why do we refuse the *Burdens* and *Punishments*?

*Delicta majorum immeritus lues,
Romane.*

Roman, on thee doe undeserv'dly fall
The Plagues thy Parents on themselves did
call.

Cries the Poët, truly, had he not added, *Underserv'dly*: For 'tis most deservedly, because our *Ancestours* merited it. But the Poët saw onely the *effect*; He could not look up to the *Cause*. For as in one and the same *Man*, we justly punish in his *Old Age* that *Offence*, which he committed in his *Youth*; so does God, the *Elder Crimes* of *Empires* and *Kingdomes*, because from their *Exter-nal* *Communion*, and *Bond* they are but *One*, co-joyn'd

conjoyn'd thing with God; these Intervalls of Time do not divide us, with Him who hath measur'd, and counted Eternity in his Mind. Shall those Martial Wolves heretofore raze so many Cities, break so many Scepters, uncontroll'd; draw out so much blood from Others, and be themselves ever safely reserv'd, only for Triumph? I should then confesse that God were no Avenger; qui, quæ nos gerimus, audit & videt, who heares yet, and beholds our Actions: but they shall not escape so, but of Necessity shall undergoe Punishments in their Posterity; Slow, though not Late ones.

Nor is there a Conjunction of Time only with God, but of Parts too. I meane thus; that as in a Man the whole Body suffers, though some One Member onely Aſſ the Guilt; so is it in great Societies: All many times account for the faults of a Few: especially, if those who offend, are as the more Principal Members; as Kings, Governours, and Magistrates. Heſiod spake truly, and from out the most inward Recesses of Wisdom.

Πολλάκι καὶ ὅλη πόλις κακῷ ἀνδρὶ ἐπαυρεῖ,
ὅστις ἀλιτρεῖται, καὶ ἀτάσθαλα μηχανάται.
Τοῖσι δ' ἐργάζεται μέγ' ἐπήγασε πῆμα Κρονίων,
Λιμὴν ὄρεῖ, καὶ λῆμόν.

"A Single Crime oft the Whole City rues;
"Though Ones the Guilt be, All Revenge pursues
"They fall by th' Plague, which his Oppression,
"Or Famine, which His Sacriledge call'd down.

So the Græcian Navy perish'd,

Unius ob noxam, & furias Ajacis Oilei.

For

For only One's offence;
Ajax's Insolence.

So in *Judea* threescore and ten thousand were most justly slain with the *Pestilence*, for the *Unjust Desire* of their King. And sometimes, on the other side, when *All* have sinned, God separates *One*, or but some *Few*, as an *Expiation* for the *General Offence*. In which if He recedes, something from the *Rigid Law* of *Parity*, yet out of that seeming *Injustice*, a new *Equity* is rais'd; and that becomes a *Mercifull Act* of Justice towards *Many*, which seems *Cruel* to a *Few*. Does not a Schoolmaster sometimes correct *One* of the *Principal* in a *General fault*? and does not a Commander tithe his *Cowardly Army*? And both these upon Excellent Grounds: because the Punishment only of those few does terrify, and amend *All*. I have often seen Physicians strike a Vein in the *Foot*, or *Arme*, when the whole *Body* hath been diseas'd; What doe I know, but the same is done here? These are dangerous *Seciets*, *Lippus*, and therefore if we are wise, let us not approach this *Sacred*; *Forbidden Fire*; whose *Sparkes* perchance, or some *Small Raies*, and *Emissions* of it we may behold; but not the *Body*, and *Glory* it selfe. For, as they, who earnestly Look upon the *Sun*, yield up, and confesse their own weaker sight: So does the *Light* of their *Understanding* faile, who gaze upon this *freer*, and more plenteous Beame. Let us forbear then, and withdraw our curious Enquiry; and know, that these *Judgements* cannot, nor ought not to be try'd, and estim'd by Men; That the *Ballance*, and *Tribunal* of God is different, and another from ours; and, that however those high, dark *Judgements* are administred, they
 are

are not to be *censur'd* by us, but *born, & fear'd*. This one Sentence Ile presse to you, and with that, close this discourse, and the mowthes of all those *Curio's, Judicia dei multa occulta sunt; nulla injusta*: The Judgements of God are many of them *bidden*, None *Unjust*.

CHAP. XVIII.

A Transition to the last Argument for Constancy, from Examples.

THese are the Arguments, *Lipsum*, which I have thought fit to oppose in the behalf of *Justice* against those *Unjust Repiners*, which though they do not *Directly* carry on my discourse, they are not yet beside it, since it is certaine we should bear these afflictions more *Cheerfully*, and *willingly*, were we perswaded, they were not *Unjust*. And here *Langius* pawling a while, he suddenly broke forth againe: 'Tis well, (said he) I have took Breath. I have now past all those Rocks of *Objections*, and with a full Sail I make for the Haven. My *Fourth*, and *Last Body* is come up to me, which I will advance with. And as the *Mariners*, when they behold the *Twinn*, conceive an assured hope of the *remainder* of their *Course*: so do I, to whom, after All these Storms, this *Twin Legion* approaches. I may safely, after the *Old Custome*, call it so; since 'tis *Double*, and *Two Opposites* are to be assailed with it; It evincing, that these *Miseries*, which we now suffer, are neither *Grievous*, nor *New*. Which while I do, attend *Lipsum*! Never more readily, (*Langius*)

gius) I reply'd : for it joyes Me too, to have pas'd these *Difficulties*; and after these *severer Medicines*, I greedily long after this *gentle*, popular one. For so the Title promises me it is. You are not mistaken, saies *Langius*. For as Physicians, who after they have punish'd their *Patient* with *Scarifyings*, and *Cupings*, do not presently leave him; but apply some *gentle Fomentations*, to *aswage* the paine; so will I doe to you: whom because I have enough follow'd with the more *troublesome cures* of *Wisdom*, I will now *cherish* you with *Milder Reasons*; and, from this painfull Hill of *Philosophy*, descend among the pleasant, easy *Plaines* of your *Philology* : and that, not so much to *recreate*, as to *cure* you. As they say *Demochares* the Physician did to *Considia*, a Noble Woman, who refusing all *harsher Prescriptions*, he made her drinke *Goates Milk* which he had fed with Boughes of the *Lentiske Tree*; so will I administer to you *pleasing*, and *Historical* ones; which yet shal have *astincture* of the *juyce* of *Wisdom*. What matter is't, how we cure our *Patient*, so we performe it?

CHAP. XIX.

That Publick Evills are not so Great, as they seeme for; proved first by Reason. That we fear the Circumstances, and Dress of Things, more then the Truth of them.

LET the *Legion* then advance: but before the rest, that *Cohort* which maintaines, that these *Calamities* are not *Grievous*; which we will arme with this double weapon, of *Reason*, and *Comparison*. For if you examine it by the *First*, you will find, that all these *Evills*, which are either present upon us, or impending over us, are not *Truly*, and in themselves, great and *Heavy*, but do onely appear so. 'Tis *Opinion*, which beightens, and inforces the *Calamity*, and dresses it up with more *Horror*. But, if you are wise, disperse this *Cloud* which is spread about it, and examine these things by a true, certain *Light*; For instance; you fear *Poverty* among these *Publick Evils*, *Banishment*, *Death*: all which notwithstanding, if you behold them with clear, right *Eyes*, and judge them by an exact, wise *Ballance*, how slight, and scorn'd will such *Afflictions* look! This *War*, or *Tyranny*, through the immense *Contributions* will undo Thee: and what then? Thou shalt be a *Poor Man*. And will not *Nature* at last snatch thee hence in the same want, and *Nakedness*, which she first thrust thee in with? If the sad, and infamous *Name* of it displease thee, change it: Call thy selfe *Free*, and deliver'd. For *Fortune* hath acquitted; and releas'd thee, and

plac'd thee now in a *safer Condition*: None shall exhaust thee any more; so that what Thou esteem'dst a *losse*, is a *Remedy*. But I shall be an *Exile*! if you will, a *Traveller*. If you change your *Affections*, you change your *Country*. A *wise man*, where ere he is, is but a *Travailer*: a *Foole* is ever *banisht*. But I expect *Death* daily from the *Tyrant*: As if you did not so from *Nature*. But that's an infamous one, which comes by the *sword*, or *Halter*. Fool! Nor that, nor any other *Death* is infamous, unlesse thy *Life* be so. Cite from the *Beginning* of the *World* the most *High*, and *Excellent Spirits*; and you shall find, that *Violence* took them off. Thus, *Lippius*, must you examine (for I have given you but a *Tast*) all those *Mischiefes*, which make the *greatest shew*; and look full upon them, when *Naked*, and without the *dresse*, or *vizard* of *Opinion*. But we wretched, and *Foolish Men* usually gaze onely upon the *painted*, *terrible Outfides* of things, and do not so much fear those *things themselves*, as the *Circumstances*, and *Preparations* of them. If you go to *Sea*, and it swell high, what a *terror* seizes you? as if, should you suffer *Shipwrack*, you were to swallow it *All*; when *One*, or *Two Sextaries* are enough. If an *Earthquake* happen, you apprehend it as fearfully, as if the *Fall* of the *whole City*, or at least of the *House*, were level'd at you: and do not consider, that any *One stone* can excuse that *Great Load*. Just so is it in all these *Great, lowd dangers*, where the *Noyse* is reckon'd into the *Fury*, and we fear beyond the *Calamity*. See that *Guard*, these *swords*! And what can that *Guard*, or those *swords* doe? They will *kill*. And what is that being *kili'd*? 'Tis onely a *single death*; and, least that *Name* should fright you, call it a *Departure*

of

of the Soul from the Body. All those severall Legions of Souldiers, and all those Bodies of Weapons, shall perform no more, then what one Feaver, one Grapestone, or one worm can do. But this will be harsher! rather easier. For that slow Feaver, which you preferre so much, delaies the Patient sometimes a whole year; but This is ended with a Blow. Socrates therefore said well, who was wont to call all these Dangers *μορμολύματα*, Vizards. Which if you put on, you'l fright the Children; but if you take them off again, and appear with your own Face, they'l come againe to you, and embrace you. 'Tis the very same with these Evills; whose Vizard if you pluck off, and more cruel Appearance, and looke close upon the danger is selfe, without its Pompe about it, you'l confesse, you have all this while fear'd a Childish fear. And as Haile, falling with a great Noyse on a house, does with its owne Force break in sunder; so if these Things beat upon a Firme, Assur'd Mind, they do not breake It, but Themselves.

CHAP XX.

The second Proove, from Comparison: But first the Miseries of the Netherlanders, and the Calamities of the Age heightend. That Complaining Objection refuted; and prov'd, that Men are prone to aggravate their Afflictions beyond their just height.

I Did not expect so serious a speech from *Langius*; wherefore interrupting him, whither go you? (said I) was this it you promis'd? I expected the sweet draught, and mixture of Histories; and you give me a sharpe, and unpleasant one; then which, in the whole store of Wisdom there is none more simple, and uncorrected. Doe you think you are speaking to *Thales*? 'Tis to *Lipſius*; a Man, and that of the Middle ranke, who desires more easie, plaine Remedies. *Langius*, with a mild voice, & countenance; I acknowledge (saies he) you justly blame me: For whiles I followed the pure Ray of Reason, I have gone out of the Common Way, and unawares fallen again upon the uncouth Path of Wisdome: But I recover my selfe, and now place my steps in a more knowne Tracke. Does the Roughnesse of that Wine distaste you? Ile qualifie it with the mixture of Examples. I come now to Comparison; and Ile clearly shew you, that there is nothing in these Calamities, which now compasse us in, truly great, and Heavy, if you compare them with those of Old. For there have far Greater Miseries, and far more to have been lamented, happen'd

Then

Then, then Now. I replied, and something Impatiently; Can you say so? (said I) *ναὶ ὅτι μεγάλαις πόντοις αὐτοῖς*; and ere imagine to persuade Me to it? You shall never, *Laugius*. For, what ever past age (if you examine it Truly) was so Calamitous, as *This of Ours*? Or, what Age to come shall ever be? What Nation, what Country ere endur'd.

Tam multa dictu gravia, perpeſſu aſpera,
So heavy Miseries, and so manifold,
Grievous or to be suffer'd, or be told,

as we of the *Lowcountries* do now? You see, wee are involved in a War; not in an *External* one only, but a *Civile*, and *Intestine* one. For there are not onely *Parties*, and *sides* among us; but (O my Country, what Hand shall preſerve Thee!) *New parties* of those *Parties*. Adde to this, the *Pestilence*; adde *Famine*; adde *Taxes*, *Rapines*, *Murthers*; and (the height of all,) the *Tyranny* and *Oppreſſions*, not of our *Bodies* onely, but of our *Minds*. And in the rest of *Europe* what's done? There's either *preſent War*, or an *Expectation* of it: or if there be *Peace*, it is joyn'd with *baſe ſubjection* to their *petty Rulers*, not a whit gentler then a *War*. And where ever you looke, you ſhall find all things *doubtful*, and in *danger*, and, as in a house ill-prop'd up, many *ſignes of Ruine*. To conclude, *Laugius*, as the *Course* of all Rivers makes on to the *Ocean*, ſo do all *Calamities* ſeeme to *hasten* in upon this Age. And yet now I ſpeake onely of Thoſe, which are *preſent* upon us; But, what are thoſe that *awaite* us? Of thoſe I may juſtly ſay that of *Euripides*.

Κακῶν, ὅτα' αὖλας πύλας ὁ ἴσους
 Τοῦτον, ὅτε μὴ πῶς ἐκτεῖναι πάλην.

A depth of Ills I see,
 Which cannot pass'd be.

Langius looking severely upon Me, Do you again (said he) cast your selfe down with these Complaining? I thought by this time you had stood firme, and that your Wounds had clos'd: but you fall again; and, by tampering with your wounds, disturbe the Cure: if you meane to recover, you must be quiet. This Age, you say, is most unhappy. That's an Old Complaint; I know, your Grandfather said so, and your Fathers, and I know, your Posterity will say so too. 'Tis our Nature to look hardly, and with too much sense, upon sad things; but to passe by those, that are more pleasing. As Flies, and other Insects do not fasten long upon plaine smooth places, but stick to more unclean, and rough ones; so our querulous Mind lightly passes over the sense of our better Fortunes; but entertaines it selfe upon the more Adverse ones: It handles them, it looks again upon them; and is then best contented, when it may most overvalue, and complain of them. And as Lovers do ever find something in their Mistressse, for which she is Necessarily fairer then any one else; so doe those that are afflicted doe with their Misery. We imagine, and call in, by our Fancy, some Vaine Additions, and Helpes to it, beyond the truth of our sufferings; and do not onely undergoe our present Miseries, but our Future ones too: And what is the benefit, that this our Medling, Overweening Mind gets? No other, then as some Armies, who too fearfully apprehend, and
 suspect

suspect the *Dust* rising *afarre off*, are frightened from their *Campe*; so are we oftentimes forc'd to give back, and fall, before this *Shadow*, and *Noyse* of danger.

CHAP. XXI.

A more strickt Consutation of it, by comparing the Present Evills, with those of Old: and first the Warrs. Of the Wonderfull Slaughter of the Jewes.

LEave then these *vulgar things*, *Lipsius*, and follow me to that *Comparison*, which you dare, and challenge; and that shal evidence to you, that there have not onely of *Old* (in any kind of *Misery*) fallen out. *Equal Calamities* with *Ours*, but far *Greater*; and, that *this Age* hath more reason to *Triumph*, and *Sacrifice*, then to *Complaine*. We are engag'd in a *War*, say you: What then? Were there no *Warrs* among *those* before *Us*? Yes; They were begun with the *World*; Nor shall they end, but with it. But those perchance were not so *Grievous*, as *Ours*! 'Tis so *Contrary*, that all these *present disorders* look, as if they were done in *jeast*, (I speak it heartily) if compar'd with *those*: I should not easily tell where to enter, or how to *returne*, if I should once *launch* forth into this *Depth of Examples*: Notwithstanding, if you will, we will *Travaile* a while through some parts of the *World*. We will begin with *Judea*, the sacred *Peculiar Nation*, and *Country*. I omit what they suffer'd in *Egypt*, and after their departure thence; for
the

the *Scripture* remembers it. I come to their *Latter sufferings*; those that were joyn'd with their *Destruction*. Which I will place severally, as in an *Index*. They suffer'd then, in lesse then *seven yeares*, by forraign, and Civill Warrs, all this.

Slain at *Hierusalem*, by the command of *Florus*, six hundred and thirty.

At *Cesarea*, by the inhabitants out of hate to the *Nation*, and their *Religion*, at one time, twenty thousand.

At *Scythopolis*, a City of *Cœle Syria*, thirteene thousand.

At *Ascalon* in *Palestine*, by the Inhabitants, two thousand five hundred.

At *Ptolemais* in like manner, two thousand.

At *Alexandria* in *Egypt*, under *Tiberius Alexander* the Governour, fifty thousand.

At *Damascus*, ten thousand.

All which was acted seditiously, and by way of Tumult: But there were slain in an open War with the *Romanes*,

At the taking of *Joppa* by *Cesius Florus*, eight thousand four hundred.

On a Mountain called *Cabulon*, two thousand.

In a Fight at *Ascalon*, ten thousand.

By Stratagem, eight thousand.

At the taking of *Aphaca*, fifteen thousand.

At Mount *Garizim* eleven thousand six hundred.

At *Jotapa*, where *Josephus* himself was present, about thirty thousand.

Drown'd at the second taking of *Joppa*, four thousand two hundred.

Among the *Tarycheans*, six thousand five hundred.

At *Gamala* kill'd, and that precipitated themselves, nine thousand: Nor did any one of that City escape, besides two women, that were sisters.

In the Desert of *Giscala*, kill'd in flight

two thousand; taken of Women and Children three thousand.

Slaine of the *Gadarens*, thirteen thousand; taken, two thousand two hundred; besides infinite numbers that perish'd in the Waters.

In the Streets of *Idumæa*, ten thousand.

At *Gerasa*, one thousand.

At *Macharus*, one thousand seven hundred.

In the Wood *Jardes*, three thousand.

In the Castle of *Massada*, which slew themselves, nine hundred and sixty.

In *Cyrene*, by *Catulus* the Governour, three thousand.

In the City of *Hierusalem*, in all the time of the Siege that dyed, or were slain, ten hundred thousand; taken, Ninety seven thousand. The whole number amounts (besides an infinite number omitted) to twelve hundred and Forty thousand.

What say you, *Lippius* ! Doe you cast down your Eyes at this ? Look up rather ; and, if you dare, compare with the *Massacres* of this One Nation the whole War of the Christian World, for some yeares. And yet how small, and Inconsiderable is either this Country, or People, if compar'd with Europe ?

CHAP. XXII.

Of the great Overthrowes of the Grecians and Romans. The large number of Men slain, by some Particular Commanders. The Desolations made in America. The Miseries of Captivity.

NOr do I stop here, but pass on to *Greece*, where, to digest in order All the Wars, whether among themselves, or with Forraigners, would be tedious, and to little purpose. This I say, that it was so exhausted, and cut downe by that continuall sword of Calamities, that *Plutark* tells us, (which I never read without wonder & indignation) All of it, in his Age, was not able to make up *Three thousand Souldiers*: And yet how many, saies he, heretofore in the *Persian War*, did that small Towne of *Megara* send in! *Whither art Thou fall'n, thou once the Beauty of the Earth! The Guide and Light of the Nations!* There is scarce any *One Town* (that is of any Name) in these wasted *Netherlands*, but is able to raise such a *Number* of Men fit to bear *Armes*. Let's look upon *Italy* now, and the *Romans*! *Augustine*, and *Orosius* have already eas'd me of this Trouble: See them, and beho'd there those Seas of Evils. The *Second Punick War*, in less then *seventeen years*, consum'd only in *Italy*, *Spain*, and *Sicily*, *fifteen hundred thousand men*: The *Civill war* of *Caesar* and *Pompey* *three hundred thousand*, and the *War* of *Brutus*, *Cassius*, and *Sextus Pompeius* a greater

Greater Number. But why do I reckon up wars enlarg'd under several Commands? One *C. Caesar* (the Plague and Destruction of Mankind) confesses, and that glorying in it, that there fell by him, in severall Battailles, *Eleven hundred, Ninety two thousand Men*, not reckoning into this number those that perish'd in the Civil War; but only those of *Other Nations*, which were slain in those few yeares, in which he had the Command of *Spain and Gaul*. In which notwithstanding (Greater in this too) the great *Pompey* outwent him, who wrote in the Temple of *Minerva*, that there were *vanquish'd* by him, put to flight, *slaine & taken, One & twenty hundred & eighty three thousand Men*. Among these, if you will, wee'l reckon *Q. Fabius* who slew one hundred thousand *Gaules*: *C. Marius*, two hundred thousand *Cimbrians*: and, in latter Ages, *Aëtius*, who in that memorable *Catalonian Field*, slew a hundred sixty two thousand *Hunnes*. And, least you should think, that Wars destroy and ruine only *Men*; we must adde, that it does *Cities* too. *Cato* the Censor boasts, that he took more Townes in *Spain*, then he continued daies there. *Sempronius Gracchus*, in the same *Spain* (if we may beleive *Polybius*) raz'd three hundred. Nor can any Age adde ought to these Examples, but our own; which yet was acted in that *Other World*. A few *Spaniards*, about eighty yeares agoe, passing over into those vast New Tracts, what Slaughters (good God!) what cruel Heaps did they make! I do not here examine the Ground, and Justness of that War, but onely the Event. I see all that huge space of Land, which it look'd like some great Enterprize and Expedition (I will not say to overcome, but) to passe over onely, overrun by twenty or thirty Souldiers; and those unarmed Multitudes cut downe, as Corne
by

by the syth. What's become of that greatest Island *Cuba*, *Haytus*, or you *Jucayans*, which heretofore were each of you guarded with *six* or *Ten hundred thousand Men*; but have now some of you scarce preserv'd *fifteen for seed*? Look upon *Peru*, and *Mexico*; how miserable, & wonderful do those destroy'd Coasts appear! That immense Tract, & (truly) Another world, looks *Wast, forlorn, and desolate*, as if some *Fire* from *Above* had blasted it. My Tongue and my Understanding (*Lippius*) fail me, when I recount these things: in comparison of which, me thinks, our Own sufferings appear only *palearum cassa esse* (as the Comedian sayes) *aut gurguliunculos minutos*, like pieces of *Strawes*; or little *Mites*. Nor do I here cite you the condition of those that were taken *Captive*; then which nothing was more bitter in those Wars of the Ancients. Free, and Noble men, Children, and Women, the Victor snatch'd all away, who knowes whither, into a continuall Slavery. It was certainly into a *Slavery*, the Footsteps of which I justly rejoyce have not been, nor yet are in the *Christian World*. 'Tis true, the *Turks practise it*; nor is there any thing, that renders that *Scythian Tyranny* more dreadful to us.

CHAP. XXIII.

Wonderfull Examples of Pestilence, and Famine heretofore. Of Excessive Tributes, and Rapines.

BUt you continue your Complaint, and cite *Plague, and Famine, Tributes, and Rapines.* Will you then that wee examine *Each* but briefly. Tell me how many Thousands hath the *Plague* within these five or six yeares taken off throughout all the *Low-Countries* : I beleeve some *Fifty*, or (to speak with the most) a *hundred thousand*. You shall find in *Judea*, in *David's* time, It slew *threescore and ten thousand* in less than a day. In the Reign of *Gallus & Volusianus*, a *Plague*, beginning at *Ethiopia*, pass'd through all the *Romane Provinces*, and continued upon them *fifteen yeares together*. Nor did I ever read of one of greater extent, either of *Time*, or *Place*. But the *Fury*, and *Cruelty* of that which rag'd at *Constantinople*, and the adjoyning places in *Iustinian's* time, was more famous ; which was so great, that every day it slew *Five thousand*, and sometimes *Ten*. I should suspect this report, were it not delivered us by undoubted *Historians* of the same *Age*. Nor is that *African* one lesse strange, which began upon the Ruine of *Carthage*, and in *Numidia* only destroy'd *Eight hundred thousand Men* ; in the maritime Tract of *Africa*, *two hundred thousand* ; and at *Utica*, *thirty thousand Souldiers* that were garrison'd there. And again, in *Greece*, in the reign of *Michael Deas*, a *Plague* was so violent, *wee adsware* (they

(they are Zonaras his words) τὸ ζῶντα
 τὸν νεκρὸν θάψαι τὸ δυνάμεναι, That the living
 could not bury the Dead. So conclude, in Petrarck's
 time, so cruell a one seiz'd upon Italy, that
 out of Every Thousand Men, scarce Ten sur-
 viv'd.

We'll now speak of *Famine*, of which certainly
 our Age hath seen Nothing, if we look upon what
 hath been before. Under *Honorius* the Emperour
 there was so great a Dearth, & scarcity of all
 things at *Rome*, that Men were in danger; for 'twas
 openly cried at the *Circus*: Pone pretium Humanae
 carnis! Set a price upon Mans Flesh. When the *Goths*
 wasted Italy in *Justinians* time, so great a Famine
 was in it, that in *Picenum* only, Fifty thousand
 Men were consum'd with it; So that they eat,
 not only the Flesh of Men, but their Excrements.
 Two Women (I tell it with Horrour) had at
 severall times by night kill'd seventeen Men, and
 eaten them; and were themselves slain by the Eigh-
 teenth. I forbear to relate the Famine in *Hierusa-*
lem, and those knowne Examples of it There.

I come to *Tributes*, and do not deny but they
 are Heavy ones with which We are press'd: but
 'tis onely when you look upon them by them-
 selves; not if you compare them with those before.
 The greatest part of the *Romane* Provinces paid
 yearly the fifth part of the Profits of their Pasture,
 and the tenth of their Arable; and were com-
 pell'd by *Antony*, and *Cesar*, to pay in one yeare
 the Tribute of Nine, or ten years. When *Julius*
Cesar was slain, and Armes were taken up for
 their Liberty; each Citizen was commanded to
 pay the Five and twentieth Part of his Estate:
 and more then this, all that were of the ranke
 of *Senators* paid for every Tyle of their House
 sixe Asses. An immense Contribution, above the
 Reach

Reach of us, or our Estates. But *Octavian* (I believe with some reference to his Name) exacted, and had of all *Freed Men* the Eighth part of all their Goods. I omit what the *Triumvirs*, and other *Tyrants* have done, least I should teach *Ours* by reciting it. Let that One, *De Colonis*, comprehend all *Rapines* and *Exactions* whatsoever; then which, as there was nothing more *firm*, for the strengthening the *Empire*, so there could be nothing invented more grievous for the *Subject*. *Veterane Cohorts* and *Legions* were distributed every where; and the miserable *Provincials* in a moment thrust out of all their *Fortunes*; and that for no *Offence*, or *Attempt* whatsoever: their *Riches* onely, and plentiful possessions were their *Crimes*. In which certainly the *Excesse* of *Tyranny*, the *Height*, and *Measure* of all *Calamities* appear'd. 'Tis a *Misery* to be spoyl'd of ones *Goods*, and *Money*, and be turn'd out of ones *Lands*, and *Houses*: and if these are so, what is it to be utterly driven from our *Country*, to be rob'd of our *Temples*, and our *Altars*? You might see thousands of wofull *People* snatch'd away, *Children* from their *Parents*, *Masters* from their *Families*, *Wives* from their *Husbands*; and thrown out into diverse *Countries*, as their *Lot* design'd them: Some 'mongst the thirsty *African*: as the *Poët* saies in this very case.

Pars Scythiam, aut toto divisos orbe Britannos.

Others were into *Scythia* hurl'd,

Or *Britain*, sever'd from the *World*.

One onely *Emperour*, *Cæsar Cælvianus*, plac'd in *Italy* onely, eight and twenty *Colonies*; and in the *Provinces*, what he pleas'd. Nor was there any thing, that I know, which more contributed to
tho

the Ruine of the Gaules, us Germans, or the Spaniard.

CHAP. XXIV.

Rehearsall of some strange Cruelties, and Murthers in Times past, above the Guilt of This Age.

BUt Cruelty, and Unheard-of Slaughters are committed Now. I know what you paynt at; and what was done of late. But was there no such thing, *Lippius*, among the *Ancients*? You are very Ignorant, if you know it not; and Wick-ed, if you dissemble it. Do you know *Sylla's* name, that Happy one? If you do, you remember too that Cruell, and Infamous *Proscription* of his, by which he cast out of one City, *Four thousand seven hundred Citizens*. Nor were they of the meaner sort; but *one hundred and forty* of them were *Senators*. I do not reckon those innumerable usual Murthers, acted either by his *Permission*, or *Command*; so that not undeservedly those words broke out from *L. Catulus*: *Cum quibus tandem victuri sumus, si in bello armatos, in pace inermes occidimus?* "With whom at length shall we live, if in War we kil Arm'd Men, and in Peace, Disarm'd? Shortly after, this *Sylla* was imitated by his *Three Disciples*, I mean, the *Triumvirs*; who in like mannner proscrib'd *Three hundred Senators*, and above *Two thousand Romane Knights*. A Cruelty, then which the Sun in all his Course nere yet beheld, nor shall a greater.

Read

Read *Appian*, and in him the Miserable Face of that Time; the diverse Condition of those that lay hid, and fled; of those that stop't their Flight, and hal'd them forth; the wofull Waylings of Wives, and Children; So that you'd believe Humanity it selfe had perish'd, and fled from that Savage, and Inhumane Age. But this Cruelty perchance reach'd onely the Great, Dangerous ones, the Knights, and the Senatours; that is, so many (almost) Kings, and Rulers; the Meaner Multitude perchance escap'd. No; It stoop'd at Them too. Looke else upon the same *Sylla*, who in the Publick *Villa* commanded foure Legions of the Contrary Party, to whom He had given his Faith for their Security, (they in vain imploring the Mercy of his Treacherous Arme) to be murder'd. Whose groanes reaching the *Curia*; and the Senate being startled, and amaz'd at it: Let us mind our businesse, Conscript Fathers; (saies he) A few seditious fellows are punish'd by My Command. Nor do I know, which to wonder most at; That a man could do so, or that he could speake so. Will you have more Examples of Cruelty? Take them. *Seruius Galba* in Spain, summoning the People of Three Cities together, under Pretence of Treating with them about somewhat for Profit, chose out seven thousand of their young Men for the sword. In the same Country *L. Licinius Lucullus* the Consul sent his Souldiers into the City of the *Caucrains*, and slew twenty thousand of them, contrary to the Articles agreed upon at their yielding. *Octavian*, when he had taken *Perusia*, call'd out three hundred of the Chiefest of both Orders, of those that yielded themselves, and slew them as Sacrifices before an Altar, which he built to *D. Iulius Antoninus Caracalla*, being offended with the *Alexandrians*

for I know not what sports, comes peaceably into their City, and commanding All their Young Men into a Feild, surrounds them with his Souldiers, and, upon a signe given, *killes them all*: and using the like Cruelty to the remaining Multitude, He quite exhausted that Populous, and most frequented City. *Mithridates* by a Letter caus'd eighty thousand Romane Citizens, that were disperſed about their Merchandise in *Asia*, to be slaine. *Volesus Messala*, the *Proconsul* of *Asia*, commanded in one day three hundred to the Axe; and triumphingly walking upon the Carcasses, as if He had perform'd some high Exployt, cryes out, *ὦ σπᾶγμα κασιγνήτων!* O Princely Deed! I have yet cited to you the Cruelties onely that Heathen Men have acted: But looke too among those Names devoted to the true God; you shall find, *Theodosius*, having by a Cruell Deceit betraid seven thousand innocent people of *Thessalonica* into the Theater, under pretence of exhibiting some Plaies, lets in his Souldiers upon them, and Murders them: Then which Fact, the Old Impiety nere dar'd a greater. Go now my *Netherlanders*, and after all this, accuse the Cruelty, or Treachery of Princes in this Age.

CHAP. XXV.

The Present Tyranny Extenuated. That it is from Humane Nature, or Malice. Oppressions Externall, and Internall heretofore.

I Astly you complain of *Tyranny*, and of *Oppressions* of *Bodies*, and *Soules* too. I do not intend here either to acquit, or condemne Our Age: For to what end were it? My businesse is to compare onely. I aske you therefore, When ever such Evills were not; and where that was? Give Me but any Age, or any Nation, without some great Famous Tyranny in it, and (for Ile run the hazard) I will then confesse, that Wee are the most wretched that ever were. Why doe not you reply? I see, that Old *Sarcasme* is true: *Omnēs bonos Principes in uno annulo posse perscribi*: All “ Good Princes may be registred in one Ring. For its Natural to Man, to use Authority Insolently; and hardly to keep a Meane in that thing, which it selfe is above It. We our selves, that do complain of Tyranny, retain those seeds of Tyranny within our owne Bosoms: Nor is there a Will wanting in most to discover them, but onely a Power. A *Serpent* that’s benum’d with cold, hath poyson in him, though he cannot be guilty of it. ’Tis the same in Us; whom only Weaknesse keeps Innocent, and a kind of Winter in our Fortunes. Give them but Power, and Meanes; I feare that Those, who are so bitter against their Rulers, would themselves be the more Outrageous Tyrants. Wee have Examples of this daily. See that Father, hard to his Children; that Master, to

his *Servants*; that Tutor, to his *Schollars*: Each of them, in his *Command*, and *Power*, is a *Phalaris*; and raises the same waves in his *Brooke*, that *Kings* do in their great *Ocean*. The same is seen in *Other Creatures*; amongst whom there are, who prey upon their own Kind, both in the *Aire*, the *Earth*, and the *Water*.

————— *pisces sic saepe minutos
Magnus comest, sic aves enecat accipiter.*

“ ————— So the lesser Fry (fly.
“ The Great Fish swallows: Hawks at the birds

Saies *Varro* truly. But you'll say, these are onely *Oppressions* of *Bodies*; Wee suffer that most *Exquisite* one, of *Soules*. Take heed you speak not more *Enviously*, then *Truly*. Who ere imagines, that that *Celestial Nature* can be *compell'd*, or *forc'd*, knowes neither *Himselfe*, nor *It*. For, no *External Power* can prevail to make you *Will*, what you doe not *Will*; or to *yield* to *that*, which you do not *assent* to. Some have *Power* over this *Bond*, and *Fetter* of the *Soul*; None over *It*. A *Tyrant* may force it from the *Body*; but the *Soul* abides *after*; and *Departing*, leaves the *Cruelty*. For, being *Pure*, *Eternal*, *Fiery*, *It* despises all *External*, or *Violent* Attempt. But wee may not deliver our *Opinions*! Suppose this to be true; the *Bridle* then curbes your *Tongue* onely, not your *Mind*; your *Actions*, but not your *Iudgement*. But this is *New*, and *Unheard-of*! You are *mistaken*. For, how many can I poynt you out, who having by their *Unwary* tongues betray'd their *Opinions*, have *suffer'd* for them under *Tyrants*? How many of those *Tyrants* have endeavour'd to *compell mens Iudgements*; I meane, in *Matters*
of

of Piety. It was a Common Custome, that the *Persian*, and those *Eastern Kings* should be worship'd; and we know that *Alexander* challeng'd it, with the *Ill Will* of his plainer, down-right *Macedonia*. Amongst the *Romanes*, that Good, and Moderate Emperour *Augustus* had in all *Provinces*, nay in every house, *Flamens*, and *Priests* consecrated to Him, as to a God. *Caligula*, cutting off the *Heads* from the *Statues* of the *Gods*, caus'd (with a ridiculous *Impiety*) his Owne to be plac'd upon them, and instituted a *Temple*, *Priests*, and chosen *Sacrifices* to his Own Deity. *Nero* would be call'd *Apollo*; and the most Principall Citizens were slain, *quod nunquam pro Calesii voce immolassent*, because they had never sacrific'd for the *Heavenly Voyce*. *Domitian* was openly call'd; *Deus dominusque noster*, Our Lord, and God. Which *Vanity*, or *Impiety*, if twere found in any of Our Kings, what would you then say, *Lipsius*? I will saile no nearer this *Sylla*, against which no winds of *Glory*, and *Ambition* shall draw, or force me: *Ἀκίνδυνον γὰρ ἐστὶ τῆς σιγῆς ἡγεῖς*: For a secure Old Age is the Reward of silence. I will bring in onely One *Testimony* of the Ancient *Slavery* in this respect; Which I would have you mark: 'Tis *Tacitus* of *Domitians* Reigne. *Legimus cum Aruleno Rustico Patrus Thrasea, Herennio Senecioni Priscus Helvidius laudati essent, capitale fuisse: nec in ipsos modo auctores, sed in libros quoque eorum sevitum, delegato Triumviris ministerio, ut monumenta clarissimorum ingeniorum in Comitio ac foro urentur. Scilicet illo igne vocem populi Romani, & libertatem Senatus, & conscientiam generis humani aboleri arbitrabantur; expulsis insuper sapientiæ professoribus, & omni bonâ arte in exilium actâ, nequid usquam honestum occurreret. Dedimus profectò grande patientiæ documentum; &*

sicut vetus *atque* vidit quid ultimum in libertate esset ,
 et nos quid in servitute; adempto per inquisitiones
 quiam loquendi, audiendique commercio. *Memoriam*
 nooque ipsam cum voce perdidissemus si tam in potestate
 "strâ esset oblivisci , quàm tacere. " We reade
 " (saies he) that when *Petrus Thrasea* was prays'd
 " by *Arulenus Rusticus*, and *Priscus Helvidius* by
 " *Herennius Senecio*, it was Capital to them both :
 " Nor did the Cruelty satishe it selfe onely upon
 " the *Authors*, but reach'd farther , to their
 " works; Charge being given to the *Triumvirs* ,
 " that the *Monuments* of those *Excellent Wits*
 " should be burnt in the *Forum*, and *Comitium* :
 " thinking by that One Fire to have suppress'd
 " the *Voyce* of the *People* of *Rome*, the *Liberty* of
 " the *Senate*, and *Conscience* of *Mankind*. The
 " *Professours* also of *Wisdome* were banish'd, and all
 " *Ingenuous Arts* proscrit; least there should a-
 " ny where appear the least footstep of *Honesty*.
 " Wee gave certainly a large Example of our
 " *Tamenesie*; and as the foregoing ages saw the
 " utmost height of *Liberty*, so have we of *Slavery* :
 " The *Commerce* of *Hearing*, and *speaking* being
 " barr'd, and in danger by *Infor.ners*. Wee had
 " certainly lost our *Memories* too , with our
Tongues; had it been as much in our Power to
 have forget, as it was to be silent.

CHAP. XXVI.

Lastly, that these Evils are neither strange, nor New; but Familiar to All Men, and Nations : Whence We may derive Comfort.

I Have done with Comparison; and now bring up the Other Cohort of My Legion, which opposes the Novelty; but briefly, and by way of Triumph: For it rather takes the Spoyle of the already-Conquer'd Enemy, then Fights with him. And what is it here, that can be call'd New, and unacquainted to Man; unless your selfe are a stranger, and Novice in Humane Affaires? Crantor said Excellently, and wisely; who alwaies had this verse in his Mouth.

Οἱ μοι, τί δ' ὅμοι; θνητὰ τι πινύδαυρ.

—Ay mee! And why, Ay me?

W^e have suffer'd but a Humane Misery.

For, these Calamities every day wander about Us, and like the Orbes, compasse the World. Why do you any longer thus bewail, and be so amaz'd at our Misery?

Οὐκ ἐπὶ πᾶσι σ' ἐφύτουσ' ἐγὰρ τοῖς
Αγάμεμνον Ατρεΐς.

Δαῖ δέ σε χαίρειν, καὶ λυπεῖσθαι.

Θνητὸς γάρ εἰμι, καὶ μὴ σὺ θεῶν,
Τῶν θεῶν ἔγωγε βλουμένων ἔσμαι.

Not to happy things alone,
 Pleasures ever, or a Throne,
 Atreus (Agamemnon !) fram'd thee.
 But twixt joy, and Griefe divided,
 Sorrowes midst, and Pleasures guided,
 Equally to either nam'd thee.

For thou art Mortal, Humane borne; and though
 Thou shouldst refuse, the Gods will have it so.

It were a greater Wonder if you could name any one, that had a Priviledge, and Immunity from this Common Decree, and Law of Evil; and were Exempted from that Burden, to which all submit. Solon, seeing a Friend of his at Athens deeply lamenting, leads him up into the Castle, and shewing him all that great City below him; Thinke with your selfe (saies he) how many sorrowes have heretofore been under these Roofes, Now are, and hereafter shall be; and forbear any longer to resent those Afflictions which are Mankind's, as if they were your Own. Which seeing I cannot Actually do to you, let's imagine it. I place you in that high Olympus: Looke downe (now) upon all those Cities, Provinces, and Kingdomes beneath; and think that you saw but so many Enclosures of Humane Calamities. They are Amphitheaters, and Sands, on which are acted the Cruel sports of Fortune. Do you see Italy? 'Tis not thirty yeares ago, since it rested from bitter Warrs on every side. Spacious Germany? See there how those great sparkes of the late Civill Discord do still glow, and threaten to break out inth a Greater Flame. Do you see Britain? Slaughters, and Warrs are still there: And that Peace which It now awhile enjoyes, It owes to the Command of the milder Sex. Looke upon France,
 and

and pity it: How that *Grangrene of War* creeps over all its joynts. Nor is it otherwise (you see) over the whole World. Think upon these things, *Lipsius*; and with this *Universal* Communion, and Engagement in Misery, ease your Own. And as a *Slave* was plac'd behind the *Triumph*, who in the greatest *Glory*, and *Pride* of the *Triumph*, was often to cry to Him, *Homo es*; Thou art yet but a man; so let this *Monitor* alwaies stand by, and tell Thee, That these are *Humane Things*. For as *Labour*, accompanied with Others, is *Easier*, so is *Grief* too.

CHAP. XXVII.

The Conclusion of the whole Discourse.

I Have drawn forth all my *Forces*, *Lipsius*; and you have receiv'd what I have thought fit to be oppos'd, for *Constancy*, against *Griefe*: Which I wish may not onely be *Pleasant* to you, but *Healthful*; and not *delight* you onely, but more *advantage* you. And this it will do, if you admit it, not into your *Eares* onely, but into your *Minds*; and do not suffer it to lye and wither, as *Seed* cast on the top of the *Ground*: Lastly, if you seriously *repeat*, and *meditate* upon it. For as *Fire* is not forc'd out of the *Flint* by *One* *stroke*; So neither is that retir'd, *sayling* *spark* of *Goodnesse* quickned in us by *One* *Admonition*. Which that it may truly at last *flame* in you, not in *Words*, and *blaze* onely, but in *Deed*, and *Act*; I humbly beg and beseech that *Eternal*, and *Divine* *Fire*.

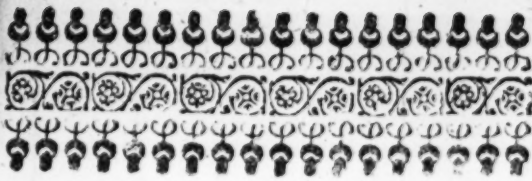
When

Whn He had thus said, he rose up hastily: I
goe (*Eiphus*) saies He; the Sun at this *Noon*
height tells me 'tis *Dinner* time: Do you follow.
That will I cheerfully; (said I) justly crying
out, as they do in their *Miseries*.

ἐφύγον τὰ κακά, εὖ εἶπον ἀμεινον.

I have the Evill fled,
And th' Good discovered,

FINIS.


ANd what is't that can harm Me now? I'm free;
Yet by no Monstrous, taynted Liberty,
Above all Humane pow'r; secure and High
I quietly attend All misery.

For Judgement, nor the Act of Chance, is found,
Nor Man (Afflictio springs not from the Ground)
But, from th' Eternall, wakefull Providence,
That (Present-still, yet) unknown Influence,
All things as they their Life, and Being have,
Their Act, and Motion; So their Rest, and Grave.
All struggling's then in vaine; Proud. Feeble Clay!
Looke whence the stroak proceeds, & learn t' obey.

But chearefully Obey! as thou wert free,
And couldst resist: 'Tis imbecillity,
And not Obedience, that suffers 'cause
Necessity enjoynes, and the hard Lawes
Of Fate. Choose what befalls Thee then, and lay
Thy bold repinings, and vaine strengths away;
Obedience is thy surest Guard: To will
What must befall, shuns, and deceives the Ill:
But He's twice ha m'd, who when there's no De-
Endures both th' Ill, and's owne Impatience. (fence

And what should fright thy will: what from Above
Descends, where Nought but Goodness dwells, and
Love;

Is Good, & Loving too. No Plague comes nigh,
Nor from that Dwelling; those Emissions high
And Healthfull are: For That Beatitude
Above, is not alone, cause 't does exclude

All

All evill from it selfe, and comprehends
 All Good ; But 'cause that Good descends ;
 Joyes in that Blisse It does to others bring,
 Spreads a full shade, a vniversall winge,
 Vnder whose coole Defence All Creatures rest :
 A Power still Blessing, and for ever Blest.

Say not from thence that each Affliction
 Each unkind mixture, each Distresse comes downe,
 And these are Evills : No ! we safely guesse
 That Love by Outward Pain, or Happinesse ;
 Those Smiles doe neither cure, nor those Frowns kill ;
 For neither Joy is Good, nor Paine is Ill.

Not the poore Joyes of Earth, nor its false Paine,
 Which while th' affect us, doe withdraw againe:
 As when a storme gives, or a Sun to th' Flower
 The Beauty, or the Sicknesse of an Howre.
 And when th' are past, (as Flowers, their drooping
 Never to rise let fall) th' are ever fled ; (Head
 Fled like a pleasing, or unquiet Dreame,
 Or like the smooth, or the complaining Streame,
 Which yesterday ne'r to returne pass'd by :
 Their Torment, and their Joy then Equall be,
 And in One Even State together lye
 The Glorious, and the Wretched ; Memory
 Is All that does divides 'em ; For what's past,
 Time has seal'd up, and the darke Grave holds fast ;
 Their Present sense of what is fled, is One ;
 The wretched suffers not his Paine thats gone ;
 Nor th' Happy feels his Joy: but One deepe Night
 Has drawn her heavy wing, and clos'd their Light ;
 No pleasing, or ingratefull sense remains ;
 Onely the story of the Joy, or Paines.

Such shadowes are th' Affections, Good, or Ill !
 Fleete as their Obje@s : But the Soules great will
 Pursues no dying Good, but those that be
 Companions of its owne Eternity.

For

For the Good that's chosen must proportion'd be
 To th' Power that chose, that it may satisfie
 Its utmost cravings; when reposing there
 It shall enjoy, and lose its vast Desire.
 But 'mongst the Mines of Earth ther's None can fill
 Th' Embraces of the Soule, nor bound its will:
 False to their Love, they doe but cheate the mind;
 For parting, those dull Goods will stay behind.

It therefore courts a lasting Happinesse,
 And Hates that Evill which no Change can blesse,
 Enjoies the Peace of Truth, and Vertue; flies
 The Paine of Errour and Impieties;
 Rectitude measures what It Loves, and shuns;
 Guide of its knowledge, and its Actions.

Such is the Souls Delight! Such its high Love!
 A Pure Immortall Bewty, lodg'd Above;
 Which outlives Change, and unconcern'd looks on
 The Torrent of a Desolation;

When All the things which here we Glorious call
 Stoop to their first Earth, and together fall
 Low as their Foundations; when nought withstands
 The Fury of the Glorious, Guilty Hands;
 But one Heape made, shew what Confusion (joyne.
 Deformes the world, when Strength and Madnesse

There, like a steep sure Rock, which midst the flood
 Has thousand Storms, and thousand Thunders stood,
 Whose safe Foundation's laid beneath the Deep,
 Quiet, and low ith' Earths firme Bosome sleep,
 Free from the war oth' tempest; whilst his pride,
 Advanced Head rays'd 'bove the Sea and clowde
 Viewes either storme beneath; and safe does lye
 Amidst the Strife, but 'bove the injury:
 Thy Great Minde stands Secure; High, and Alone,
 It Selfe intire, and its Possession.

For who can wound, or leade thy minde away
 Captive, or take thy vertue 'mongst the Pray?

*It Conquers Time, and Death ; and does abide
 When th' sense of Suffering or Enjoyings fled ;
 For when the Pleasure, or the Paine is gone,
 The Conscience of a vertuous Action
 Lives, and Rewards the Doer; These joyes alone
 Know not the Grave, nor see Corruption ;
 But with the Soule, whose Good they are, ascend ;
 Pure, Immateriall, Aged as the Minde.
 Ne're to be parted ; for the Good desir'd,
 Though sever'd in th' pursuit, yet when acquir'd,
 Is with the Pow'r desiring it made One;
 For All Desire tends to Perfection:
 (The high Reward of Love) which then's attayn'd ,
 When the imperfect Power t' its Faire Hope
 Weds the beloved Object to its owne (chain'd,
 Being ; from which intire Perfection,
 Crowning its Being, and with It made One,
 Who shall divide it, makes the Being None.*

*If then the Soules enjoyments are Above,
 If its high well-aym'd wishes thither move,
 If Truth and Goodnesse only are its End,
 All things befall us, as they thither tend,
 Are Good or Bad ; since things subservient
 To Other ends, are nam'd from that Event.*

*What then unwings the Soule, and stops its flight,
 Which or depresses, or suspends its Height,
 VVrenges th' End; which if unskilfull Happinesse
 Shall doe, if from its weight this motion cease,
 That flattering Blisse will to thy sorrowes add;
 Tis but a Death sent smiling ; Ill well clad.*

*Or if Affliction shall promote its way,
 If by it, free from th' Hindrance and Delay
 Of Outward things, the Soule now left Alone,
 (Preluding to its Separation)
 Shall view these perishing Objects, with those eyes
 VVhich both their Presence, and their want despise ;
 And*

And with a pure, and rectified Desire,
 To Goodnesse only shall, and Truth aspire;
 Th' Afflicted shall lament no more; but blesse
 The Mercy of the wound; the Happinesse
 To which (as when a Storme or Cloud conceals
 A God descending) Sorrow was the Veyle.

Ayme then aright thy Ill-plac'd Hope and Feare!
 For since the Glorious, and the Scorn'd things here
 Wait for One Change (as when the last Great Flame
 Shall mingle Starrs and Dust) and since no Name
 Shall know 'em any more when parted hence,
 Nor their effects returne and strike the Sence;
 (For who enjoyes the false flowre? who can tell
 Where th' Rose has hid its Colour, left its Smell;
 Whether its faire, its untaught Blush did stray,
 Or what rude winde stole its last Breath away,
 That can new dresse the Scatter'd Flower, can ty
 The Leaves into their knot agen, which fly
 The vain winds scorn?) Leave the Delights of Earth!
 Those Flowr's oth' Field; and whence thy Soul its
 Derives, ascend! kindle a new Desire (Birth
 Within thy Brest, a kinde and native Fire,
 Which to that Beauty elims that dwells Above,
 That Glorious, endlesse forme; Be this thy Love!
 Th' other, embrace or shun as they serve this,
 Call 'em th' Attendants only, not the Blisse;
 Follow the End, 'tis that alone can stay
 The Soule; no Rest's to them that dwell ith' way.

ETERNALL POWER! Cause of our Joy and
 From whom All sorrow comes, & all Relief, (Grief,
 Guide us in Eyther: If thou'lt have us try'd
 With outward Blessings, teach us to abide
 The strong Temptations of Happinesse.
 But if (our frailty known) Thou'lt rather blesse
 Us with Affliction, (since Prosperity
 Of Fooles destroyes 'em) Let's not repine that we
 Are

*Are freed from th' Curious Danger, nor be cast down
 And murmur at thy Mercy, cause thy Frowne
 Saves us, but cheerfully submit to Thee;
 Since our Distresses and our sufferings be
 The Care of Heaven; since the Power directs,
 And does command the Plague, That Pow'r protects.*

*Thus when we have devolv'd our selves on Thee,
 What 'ere befalls us, Joy or Misery,
 VVe shall be safe in either; plac'd on High
 (As our Defence is) when the storms passe by,
 The wild impatient Stormes, beneath us, we,
 As the safe Lawrell, when each withered Tree
 Besides the lost Marke stands, oth' Lightnings way,
 Shall still be Green, and flourish like that Bay.*

R. G.

FINIS.

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